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THE CHAMPLIN PRESS
COLUMBUS, OHIO



Mac Avoy

MURMURMONTIS

1910

VOLUME VI.

PUBLISHED BY
THE COLLEGE CLASSES OF
WEST VIRGINIA WESLEYAN COLLEGE,
June, 1910.

To Hon. A. J. Wilkinson,

Who has shown himself to be a friend of Education,
a friend of the youth of West Virginia, and an earnest
supporter of those things for which Wesleyan College
stands, we respectfully dedicate this volume.



A. J. WILKINSON.

In the early days it was the happy thought of some editor of the MURMURMONTIS to dedicate the volume to an eminent son of West Virginia. It may have been in his mind that biography affords truest inspiration for the making of useful lives; or he may simply have accepted the opportunity to honor his book by dedicating it to some loved and worthy friend. The present Board of Editors is pleased to continue the custom and doubly happy in being able to dedicate it to so useful a servant of the commonwealth as A. J. Wilkinson.

There is probably no one, not even the itinerating minister or the politician, who is better known throughout the state than he is. His temperament makes him sociable, his vocation leads him to meet thousands of persons yearly, he himself—what he is—causes them to like him immensely. Therefore he has friends from Bluefield to Wellsburg, from Harper's Ferry to Kenova. And we hold that if a blessing belongs to him who replaces the single blade of grass with two, much more is it due to Mr. Wilkinson who has effectively preached the good text-books for sixteen years in every hamlet and county of the state.

This self-made son of the Little Mountain State was born and reared in Harrison County, but at the age of ten years supported himself by doing the work of an errand boy at a hotel. Later he worked on a farm, soon leaving to become the fireman of a saw-mill at a salary of seven dollars a month. A passion for education led him to books, teachers and teaching; and when a young man he secured a school of his own. So successfully did he teach that in four years he became principal of the Grafton High School and in another four years was pro-

moted to the Superintendent of Schools for that city. In this capacity he served for a quadrennium, resigning his position in 1894 to become the State Representative of the American Book Company, the service in which he is still chiefly engaged.

The horizons of his educational interests have always been wide. From 1891 to 1899 he was a member of, and Secretary to the State Board of Examiners. He was President of the State Educational Association for a year and for eighteen years served the Association as Secretary. But much of his service to the cause of education has not been known to the public; here and there throughout the state are men and women whom he has quietly helped financially to attend some school or college, and other links in this fine chain are being added by youths who are now in School because "the man from Grafton helps me."

Mr. Wilkinson was last November elected Grand Secretary of the Grand Lodge, Independent Order of Odd Fellows, of West Virginia, and is now under appointment as Grand Representative to the Sovereign Grand Lodge of America which is to meet in September at Atlanta, Georgia. He is also a member of the Free Masons, of the Knights of Pythias and of the Order of Elks. His service as an official member of the Andrews Methodist Episcopal Church in Grafton and his work for the civic betterment of that city have made him especially esteemed and honored by those who know him best.

The career of Mr. Wilkinson repeats again the story of American pluck and perseverance. In the face of untoward circumstances he has followed the gleam, keeping integrity, Christian faith and love for human kind, until a great commonwealth proudly names him as a well-loved son.

WEST VIRGINIA WESLEYAN COLLEGE

FOUNDED 1890

BY THE

West Virginia Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

PRESIDENTS:

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CARL G. DONEY, A. M., PH. D.

COLORS: Orange and Black.

YELLS.

Chee hee, chee hee, chee ha, ha, ha,
Wesleyan, Wesleyan, Rah, Rah, Rah,
Boom-a-lacka, Chick-a-lacka, sis, boom, bah,
West Virginia Wesleyan, Rah, Rah, Rah.

W-E-S-L-E-Y-A-N

U-Rah, Rah,

Sis, Boom, Bah,

Wesleyan!



MVERMONTIS

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Good friend for Heaven's sake forbear
To scorn the work attempted here.
Blest be the student who doesn't mock
And curst be he that starts to quork.



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College Calendar, 1909 and 1910

September.

- 15. First Term begins.
- 18. Formal opening. All the city pastors appear and invite new students to Sunday School.

October.

- 25. Great excitement among the girls over Professor Trimmer. Does not last.
- 28. Murrumoutis staff met and organized. Not the last meeting.

November.

- 1. First Lecture. Governor Folk greets the largest number of new "cases" yet seen.
- 17. Trip to Morgantown. "It snowed."

- 25. Thanksgiving. Football Men Banquet at the New Arlington.

December.

- 18. Examinations begin. Shakespearean students "screw their courage to the sticking point"—but fail.
- 22. First Term ends. Home for Christmas.

January.

- 2. Day after New Years.
- 5. Second Term begins.
- 11. Note passing in chapel positively forbidden. New students much impressed.
- 26. Day of Prayer for Colleges.

February.

1. Athletic meeting in chapel. Lasts till 1:30.
3. New Music teacher arrives.
21. Lindsey does not come.
23. Try out for Intercollegiate Debate.
26. Cartoonist appears. Much trepidation among Faculty members and celebrities.
- 27-28. Specials.

March.

15. Triangular Debate. Wesleyan wins, and Mr. Keller stays up all night ringing the bell.

23. Second Term ends.
29. Easter vacation ends.
30. Third Term begins. Professor Milburn appears minus his whiskers, and is taken for a new student.

April.

1. Faculty play day. All jokes countenanced. Dr. Doney and Professor Haught interview "new" students.
2. Advertising becomes popular, so popular that some even advertise the "sorehead."
4. Campus very, very green.
7. Murmurmontis goes to press.



THE
"HAPPY
FACULTY"



CARL GREGG DONEY, A. M., LL. B., PH. D.
President of the College.



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West Virginia Conference Seminary, West Virginia
University, Harvard University. Acting-Dean.
Professor of Natural Sciences.

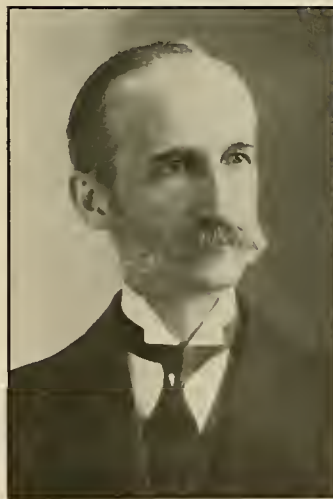


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Professor of Comparative Religion and Social Science.

Secretary of Education.

JESSIE TROTTER, B. A.,

West Virginia Conference Seminary, West Virginia
University.

Assistant Professor of Mathematics.



Mac Avoy

To the Student

By Dr. Carl G. Doney.

I congratulate you upon being a college student. A college student is no ordinary person. He is a chosen vessel. He has chosen himself by virtue of his love and appreciation of scholarship and ideals and inner power. He has chosen himself to be discontented with average attainment. A vision somewhere fell upon his life and he has gone out to realize it.

A student is an investment. A hundred generations lay their treasures at his feet asking him to take them up and to possess them. A grateful and expectant nation has expended wealth untold to make him possible; and parents lavish love and hope and prayer and sacrifice upon him. Home and business and church and state are under burdens which he must learn to bear with strength and courage.

You should clearly tell yourself why you are here. Motive always counts; and with you it will be either a high-souled melody to make life a glory or a dull discord to drive you to unworthy tasks. Your motive must lie outside a selfish interest. The self-centered man has chosen a poor sum for his universe; it can neither hold his planets in their proper orbits nor light them on their way. You are here to make a big success of life; and that is well, provided you measure success with the right yard-stick. You must know that greater problems await you than ever engaged a former generation. If you solve them merely to obtain applause or wealth or ease the black line of selfishness will mar your monument; if you

truly serve your generation by the will of God and for love of men your statue will be pure and white.

You should know that knowledge means consequent power and this is to be interpreted in terms of responsibility. Each year you will find yourself camped upon new heights. If you are true, you will use these captured bulwarks for still finer conquests, making your strength a servant which promotes the good of all.

You should get the spirit of your College. A college has a spirit as you have a personality. No college whose spirit is sordid or unchristian is worthy to be your alma mater; leave it; go where the ruling purpose, the thing which the college most wants to give you, is to have you live out the life that is brave and clean and strong. I think that is the spirit of Wesleyan. I am sure it is the spirit of every teacher and nearly every student; and you will play yourself false not to allow it to become your spirit, too.

Do not starve your spiritual nature. Character is the cornerstone of every lasting structure and character does not grow out of neglect. It is nurtured and brought to light in Jesus Christ. It would be a poor outcome for you if with all your getting of knowledge, you did not give your deepest feelings and best thoughts to the culture of that which is fundamental. Make up your mind that here in Wesleyan you will fully realize yourself, that you will be educated to a rich, full, strong life of which the world shall get the benefit.



THE CLASSES

SENIORS



Colors
Purple and Cream.

Motto:

עַל הַיָּמִים יִתְפַּיֵּם:

Officers.

Blair W. Roberts	President	Minnie Jane Merrells	Secretary
Denver C. Pickens.....	Vice President	Ira Lee Warner.....	Treasurer

Come one and all and you shall hear
The grandest story of all one year,
Of the famous class of Nineteen-ten.
The greatest class that has ever been:
Of deeds in past and deeds to come,
Of deeds surpassed by deeds of none.

To give a complete account of the past accomplishments of this class would be to write many volumes. To foretell its future deeds would fill many more. So we must be content with a short summary.

For the last six years West Virginia Wesleyan has been favored by the presence of the class of Nineteen Ten. No one can deny that we have been instrumental in heaping many honors upon our college. Think of the great football games that have been won by the daring bravery and indomitable courage of "Bobby." He has also proved himself efficient in other lines. While president of the Y. M. C. A. he did great and good work. When acting as yell master the curious movements of his small mouth, the melodious sound of his delicate voice, and the graceful gestures of his anthropological corpus blended together in making us yell till the very heavens seemed to shake and the foundations of the earth did totter.

Our chapel services are a perfect drag when he is not there to sing bass.

Everybody has heard of the great efficiency with which "Shorty" Pickens has covered second base on the baseball field. We could also tell of his great oratory, especially in extemporaneous speaking. Had his attention been devoted entirely to school work, (he has a girl), we would have seen much greater things out of him during his college career.

Next comes deliberative and easy-going Warner. How he courted and married him a wife, taught two terms of school and did six years of college work all in five years is a problem for the deepest of thinkers. Yet

he has always been active in all the social functions of the school and never flunked once. All these things he has done in his own quiet unassuming way.

Yes, there is Moon. Were he as bright as his name signifies he would make a fine watch charm. As it is he charms no one. Still this man has a great history. Would that we only had the time to tell it. When we attempt such a task we are smitten with emptiness of words.

We would not forget our elder brother Professor Cornwell. This intellectual giant has spent thirty-seven successful years teaching school, and at present is superintendent of the public school of this city. He is generally acknowledged to be the best and strongest man that has ever held this position. After casting about for many years he has come to the conclusion that Wesleyan is the College of Colleges, and that '10 is the class of classes. So he has wisely decided to cast his lot with us.

Last and greatest of all we are delighted to say something about Miss Merrells. She is an excellent student, has shown her ability as teacher of "Preps" in our college, and is generally acknowledged to be equal to the occasion. Even though she be of the gentler sex she has won great laurels as a public speaker. In the great oratorical contest, held at Mt. Lake Park in the summer of Nineteen Nine, she put to shame such great orators as Aspinall, Steyer and Wise, and held a close second to Professor Bender, the great orator and lecturer of Garrett County, Maryland.

With these facts at hand and a personal acquaintance with the individuals concerned, it takes no great prophet to foretell their future career.



MINNIE JANE MERRELLS, A. B.

“Minnie Jane.”

Minnie Jane Merrells is decidedly English. She was born at Stockton-on-Tees, England, sometime during the latter half of the Nineteenth Century. Favored by the gods and led by a propitious fate she came to America, and became the only feminine member of the class of 1910. She entered Wesleyan in the Spring of 1904, graduated in the Seminary class of 1907, and has long been a mainstay in Wesleyan's collegiate circles. Miss Merrells takes with her this year her degree A. B. and the best wishes of the college for success in her “chosen” profession.



BLAIR WILSON ROBERTS, A. B.

“Bobbie.”

“Bobbie” Roberts entered the Seminary in the Spring of 1903. He came from Marshall County, and brought with him a good share of the rugged strength fostered by a life among the hills of Marshall. Bobbie’s career in Wesleyan has been almost as varied as it has been successful. He graduated from the Seminary in the class of 1906, was out one year, and returned to Wesleyan College in 1907. During Mr. Roberts’ final stay he has taken unto himself a wife as well as a degree and will take part of the Faculty away with him when he goes.



DENVER CALDWELL PICKENS, A. B.

“Pick.”

Upshur County is Denver's native heath. He entered the old Seminary in the fall of 1905 and graduated in the class of 1907. He was at one time first among the baseball players of Wesleyan, but of late has been so busy that he has no time for sports—(except his launch)—and indeed little time for study. However he takes his degree of A. B. this year and after July fourth will be able to do his “double” duty for the world outside of college. Mr. Pickens has been a noted man in Athletics, has served his society well, and is devoted to his—well, to his Alma Mater, of course.

IRA LEE WARNER, A. B., B. PED.

"Dad."

Ira L. Warner hails from Roane County. He entered the Seminary in 1905 and has been out one term since his entrance. Mr. Warner is a man of "affairs." He served as a member of the Murrumontis staff in 1908 and is this year Editor-in-Chief of the Pharos. He has always been active in student circles and a good student, and in the meantime has married him a wife. Under his management the Lecture Course has this year become a part of college life, and has met with unprecedented success. Mr. Warner's industry, ability, and integrity insure for him success, whether he goes to South America or Roane County.





JAMES TIMOTHY MOON, B. PED.

“Tim.”

Some time in the dim, but not forgotten past, was born among the rock-ribbed hills of Garrett County, Maryland, a curly-headed boy. He grew up to be as bright as his name, and in the fall of 1904 entered what was then the Seminary. He graduated with the class of 1907 and after two years of preparation returned to take his degree.

He takes this year the degree of B. Ped., being one of the first to be granted this degree by Wesleyan College.

JAMES J. CORNWELL, B. PED.

“Prof.”

“Prof.” Cornwell is said to be the oldest member of the class of 1910. Be that as it may, after looking many years for the college fitted to grant to him the degree of his choice, he has chosen Wesleyan.

He has been connected with Wesleyan's life and affairs more or less since 1907. He has taught in the college, and at present retains the position at the head of Buckhannon public schools, which he has held for some years. Prof. Cornwell shares with Mr. Moon the honor of being the first to receive the degree of B. Ped. from Wesleyan.





Class of 1911

Colors—Blue and White.

Motto—*Faeta Non Verba.*

OFFICERS

Esther May Haught	President	Maynard Downes	Secretary
Curtis W. Chenoweth	Vice President	William H. Hartley	Treasurer

History

By the shores of the Buckhannon,
By Buckhannon's placid waters,
Stood the wigwam of the Wesleyans,
All around it spread the campus,
Filled with Sophs and Freshmen scheming,
Filled with vain and idle Seniors;
While within the stately wigwam
Toiled the weary, work-worn, Juniors,
Toiled the brave ambitious Juniors.

Many things had Wesleyan taught them,
Of all things in earth and heaven,
Showed them how to keep from flunking
How to make each grade an A †,
How to burn the oil at midnight
And be up for class at seven;
All these things this class excelled in.

On the grand-stand in the summer
Sat the mighty class of Juniors
Heard the shouting of the rooters,
Heard the megaphones' wild blaring
Sounds of music, words of wonder,
"Helikizook" the rooters shouted,
"Rah Rah Rah" then yelled the Juniors
As they saw their braves were conquering,
Joined them in the mighty tumult.

The historian of the Juniors
Learned their names and all their secrets,
How Ray Casto grew so stately,
Where Smith goes on his vacations,
Why Miss Backus is so timid,
Talked with them whene'er he met them,
For he was a friend of Juniors.

Of each one he learned the manners
Learned their names and all their secrets,
Learned why Hawkins talked so often,
Why Miss Barnes was always silent,
Learned why Chenoweth was so sporty,
And Arnett was prone to digging.

All the causes for these foibles,
He has written in his archives,
There's the record of Miss Heaton,
Telling why she gets such low grades,
Why Bill Hartly loves the "faculty,"
Why Miss Haught is fond of English
And Miss Downs is always gloomy,
Tells of Hannifan the heroic,
To his Post so bravely elinging.

Would ye learn all of these secrets,
Know the brave and mighty Juniors?
Seek ye then these hidden archives
Of the mighty class of Juniors.

ESTHER MAY HAUGHT, Buckhannon, W. Va.

Excelsior. Y. W. C. A. President Junior Class.
President Y. W. C. A. '10 and '11.



MAYNARD DOWNES, Buckhannon, W. Va.

Chrestomathean. Y. W. C. A. Secretary Junior
Class. Literature Editor Murrumontis, 1910.



WILLIAM HARRISON HARTLEY, Millwood, W. Va.

Excelsior. Y. M. C. A. President Oratorical Association. Debater on Affirmative Inter-collegiate Team. Athletic Director, '09 and '10.

CURTIS W. CHENOWETH, Buckhannon, W. Va.

Excelsior. Y. M. C. A. President Y. M. C. A. '09 and '10.



HERBERT LOWE SMITH, Fairmont, W. Va.

Excelsior. Y. M. C. A. Editor-in-Chief Murrumontis '10. Chairman Y. M. C. A. Lecture Course '10 and '11.



BERTIE ARABELLA BACKUS, Salem, W. Va.

Excelsior. Y. W. C. A.

INA BARNES, Buckhannon, W. Va.

Excelsior. Y. W. C. A.



FRANK ELLSWORTH ARNETT, Buckhannon, W. Va.

Chrestomathean. Y. M. C. A. President Chrestomathean Society Fall Term. Special Program '10.



EARL RAY CASTO, Buckhannon, W. Va.

Excelsior. Y. M. C. A. President Y. M. C. A. '10
and '11. Special Program '10.

GEORGE WASHINGTON HAWKINS,
Buckhannon, W. Va.
Excelsior.



FLOYD REUBEN HANNIFAN, Elkins, W. Va.
Chrestomathean.



ALTA HEATON,
Buckhannon, W. Va.

Junior Class Prophecy

“Why Gertrude! Where did you find that? Let me see; if that isn't the picture of our class in '11.

“That big tall fellow in the corner—why, that's Chenoweth, looking as handsome as he did the day he graduated—you should have seen the girls when he came to school. They just fairly tumbled over each other to meet him, but when they found out that he was a preacher and was married that settled it; he wasn't half so handsome. Oh yes he is a famous bishop. The very man that conducted our conference last year.

“That little girl with curly hair? That's Alta Heaton, the hardest student in the class. You can even see the wrinkles in her face. They say she reads the Greek lesson over three times before going to class, but then our Prof. was single. She is now teaching Greek in a Woman's College in New York.

“That little short fellow over there in the corner is Ray Casto. Doesn't he look jolly? He used to fall in love with every girl he met; he was so good natured we all liked him. He went to Utah twenty years ago as a missionary but do you know he has turned Mormon!

“At one time he was very much in love with little Maynard Downes there at your right but they soon got over that and I know she must feel relieved. She is happily married to a wealthy merchant, a Mr. ———; strange I can't think of his name.

“Herbert Smith, that little fellow in the center was one of our very best Y. M. C. A. workers; we really thought he would be a missionary, but he suddenly fell from 'Grace' and was working in a stone quarry when Helen Gould found him, and sent him abroad to cultivate his voice. Yes, dear, he can sing; how we used to like to hear him lead 'Students' meeting.'

“How times do change! Who would have believed that curly headed Hannifan, up there in the corner, would ever have been President of the Senate; but then he stuck very faithfully to his 'Post.'

“There's Billy Hartley, who used to think that he would be a Doctor and treat cases, but after five years of practice found that one case was quite as much as he could manage, so he has settled down on a farm in Kentucky.

“That tall girl is Iva Barnes. You remember seeing her name in the motion-songs the children use in the Kindergarten. She is primary supervisor in Columbia University. She was the greatest talker you ever heard. We used to hire her to entertain the Professor when we did not know our lessons—but that wasn’t hard to do.

“That sedate looking little girl is Esther Haught. How we used to laugh at her pranks and her ready wit. Fate has been very kind to her. How she must have enjoyed her work abroad! She is now Prof. of Modern Language in Woman’s College, Baltimore.

“Well, well, Frank Arnett, you have made a success of one thing haven’t you, you are the girl’s hero now sure

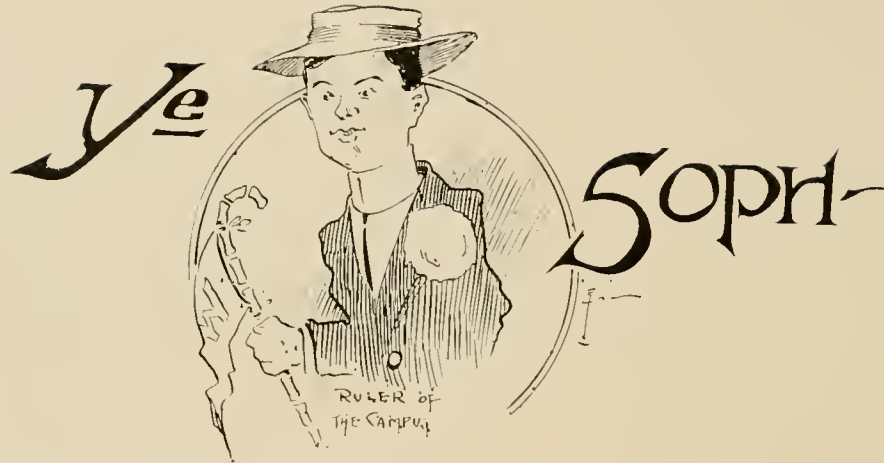
enough! Yes, Gertrude, he is a famous baseball man.

“That dignified looking girl at your left is Bertie Backus. She spent a year at Columbia and then went as teacher to China where she married a student secretary.

“The last is G. W. Hawkins, a bachelor. Ah! George Washington, life holds many joys, but you have missed them all.

“Why daughter, it is five o’clock and you should have had a music lesson at four. I know my bread is burnt into a cinder; but it has been worth it; how like old times to be looking at our class picture; I hadn’t seen one for twenty years.”





Class of 1912

Motto—Non sequi, sed superare.

Colors—Black and White.

Yell.

Sophomore, Sophomore, white and black,
 That's the sign to clear the track;
 Into knowledge we deeply delve,
 We're the class of nineteen twelve.

Officers.

Charles C. Reed	President
Z. R. Knotts	Vice President
Maida Hall	Secretary
Evelyn Fitzgerald	Treasurer

Sophomore Class Roll

RICHARD ASPINALL, Charleston, W. Va.

Chrestomathean. Y. M. C. A. President Society Fall
Term. Vice President Y. M. C. A. Athletic Director.



MAIDA VIRGINIA HALL, Buckhannon, W. Va.

Chrestomathean. Y. W. C. A.

MARY KATHRYN BARNES, Buckhannon, W. Va.

Excelsior. Y. W. C. A.



ZOLLOTES R. KNOTTS, Grafton, W. Va.

Chrestomathean. Y. M. C. A. Vice President Chres-
tomathean Society.

PAUL M. SMITH, Fairmont, W. Va.

Excelsior. Y. M. C. A. Associate Editor Murrumontis 1910. Associate Editor. Pharos. President Excelsior Society, Spring Term.



EVELYN FITZGERALD, Richmond, Va.

Chrestomathean. Y. W. C. A. Special Program. Secretary Chestomathean Society. Treasurer Sophomore Class.



O. PHYLLIS PERRIN, Berea, W. Va.

Excelsior. Y. W. C. A. Associate Editor, Murrumontis 1910. Art Senior.



CHARLES C. REED, Jane Lew, W. Va.

Excelsior. Y. M. C. A. Treasurer Y. M. C. A. President Sophomore Class.

1912 Class History

West Virginia Wesleyan College has many things of which to be proud. She feels a pride in her magnificent buildings, her beautiful campus, and many other things too numerous to mention. But she feels prouder of her Sophomore Class than all else.

Never before in the history of the college has she been able to pat herself on the back and say, "That is a model class." This class is the bone and sinew of the College. If you do not believe me, we refer you to Dr. Doney who will tell you that the faculty was required to elevate the standard of grading in order to do us justice; and Professor Helwig, who having provided oats and corn for "the ponies," was utterly astonished to learn that there were none to feed. (We had prepared an abundance for them.)

Diminutive in number, but efficacious in quality is the class of Nineteen Twelve, now the Sophomore Class of the West Virginia Wesleyan College. Just where these youths (?) care from to relate in detail would require pages, but to be brief will say that there is no doubt but what they are descended from some of the oldest

families in the world, and that they came from different parts of "The Switzerland of America," one from Old Virginia, and one from the Sunny Isle of Britain.

This sagacious Class has won distinction for Wesleyan in Inter-collegiate Debates, and inestimable honor by its orators, literary writers, artists and musicians. If any are amazed at the rapid advancement this class has made, let them observe a few points, which may help to clear up the mystery; studiousness, assiduousness, courtesy, originality, leadership, consideration for others,—these are some of the idiosyncrasies, which distinguish this class from all others.

Perhaps this history, if such it may be called, has been written in a vain, egotistical manner; but if you do not blow your own horn, who will? We are sure the Freshmen are incapable, the Juniors will not, and the Seniors are too busy tuning their own instruments to pay any attention to us.

And now may the Sophomore Class keep adding stars to its crown for the next two years, and when its members have graduated and entered into the responsibilities of life, may they be in the front ranks of their professions, and their names be first on the scroll of honor.

Historian.

Sophomore Class Poem

There have been classes larger
And just as good, we know,
It may be some are smarter,
Than this year's Sophomore.

O yes! we all remember,
Great lights have gone before,
But we will not surrender,
Not this year's Sophomore.

The Seniors know they are learned;
As Seniors do, you know,
But more glory shall be earned
By this year's Sophomore.

The Juniors have so boasted,
In self conceit, all know,
They think their fame is posted,
O'er this year's Sophomore.

Freshies think they know it all,
And tell it o'er and o'er
To great minds they seem so small,
'Gainst this year's Sophomore

The Preps have good intentions,
To gain some heights, we trow,
But theirs! one never mentions
With this year's Sophomore.

So that we shall all surpass;
We'll work, and dig, and delve.
This shall be the BANNER class,
The class of NINETEEN TWELVE.

Sophomore Prophecy

If you will go with me to room fifteen I will let you take a peep into a Sophomore class meeting, and while they are busily engaged in transacting business and occasionally having "squibbles" I will tell you what each one will do in after years.

The first one whom we notice is the chairman of the meeting. What will he do in the future? In fifteen years he will no longer be "Farmer" but "Bishop" of the M. E. Church.

But who is the dark-eyed maiden? A wee little Mite! Yet there is written upon her face a determination to be and do something worth while. After leaving Wesleyan in Nineteen Hundred and Twelve she will go to Boston and study Elocution. She will make a success traveling as a reader. After five years she will go back to Virginia. Soon a certain member of the '13 class will follow, and she will live the rest of her life upon the old plantation, inspired by the sweet strains of a violin.

The next one whom we notice is a low slender fellow. He is one of the best tenor singers in Wesleyan. He will study both in New York and Europe and prepare to go on the stage. After a short and brilliant career as a singer he will go to W. V. U. and complete the law course. For, ever since "Paul" entered Wesleyan he has wanted and insisted upon affairs being carried on "legally."

Next to our "lawyer" is a maiden, very tall and slender. After spending her "Soph" year in going to school and housekeeping she will be so fascinated

with the latter that she will go to a training school and learn the "Art" of cooking. A few years later we may visit her in her home on a farm near Buckhannon where the girls of W. V. W. C. will go when they get tired of "pork and beans" at the Ladies Hall.

The man with the coal black hair and keen brown eyes attracts our attention. On his face is the determination to do as he pleases and to make others do as he wishes. He arises slowly, straightens up, looks the class over deliberately, and begins to speak. From the first word every one listens attentively. His good enunciation, the wonderful control of his voice and his enthusiasm tell us at once that he has great oratorical powers. He will use these a few years hence as a traveling auctioneer.

As we look on the attractive countenance of "Katy", we recognize in her the qualities of an ideal preceptress. After completing the Normal course at Wesleyan she will go to a training school for preceptress at Chicago. Here she will spend seven years in hard study. Then she will secure a position as preceptress of the Ladies Hall at West Virginia Wesleyan College.

The last is "Bill." We wonder what such a happy-go-lucky fellow can accomplish. But wait. After receiving his B. S. degree in '12 he will go to Yale for four years of hard work. In a few years we will read of the wonderful work which Prof. ——— is doing as Science teacher at Harvard.

Thus will the members of the class of '12 find their various places in the world.



Class of 1913

Colors—Violet and Silver.

Motto—Labor omnia vincit.

OFFICERS

Carl L. HoskinsPresident

Clemmer W. WiseVice President

Derry PerrineSecretary

Robert ClarkTreasurer

Freshman Class History

March 1, 1910.

Dear Maynard:

Your note asking me to write a history of the FRESHMAN CLASS did not reach me until this morning. Mr. Tregellas said you gave it to him yesterday, and he faithfully and solemnly promised he would see that I received it before six o'clock last night. I can forgive that, but I can't forgive him for leaving that hydrogen sulphide generator open the other day.

It is impossible for me to write an article that would to any extent set forth the immeasurable and illustrious greatness of the class of 1913, but I am giving you a few facts, and you can arrange them as you desire. There are only eight of us, but in that small-number are athletes, orators, musicians, scientists and singers. We have representatives on the Pharos and Murrhumontis staffs, on the Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A. Cabinets, and some of our number have been chosen as officers in the Literary Societies.

I believe you attended the special program of the societies. Don't you think Carl debated well? As I listened to his strong and convincing argument I kept wondering whether he would finally be an orator or a musician. You know he is very fond of his violin and has made several public appearances.

Mr. Ward's oration was a "beaner". If there is ever an urgent call from our beloved country for orators, the 1913 class can satisfy the needs of the hour—no matter whether the issue of the day be Woman's Suffrage or that Bachelors should shave their Heads.

It seems as though our class is blessed with orators; there is the one whose fame is unlimited—Mr. Wise. Yes,

he is a singer, too, and has no peer outside the Boom Ground.

Really and truly, there are three musicians among us and you can readily guess that the shy, demure little maid, Miss Taublyn, is the third. She has a bushel of talent and she is cultivating it for Professor Trimmer declares she is one of his star pupils and will far outshine Halley's comet.

Have you met Mr. Cather? He is a "cute" little chap, isn't he? They say he is as gritty as sand, and don't you know the little codger has the nerve to play on the football team. As far as the girl question is concerned, I think he is a "total abstainer."

By the way, did you know Robert Clark won a medal in the Declamation Contest last spring? He can declaim admirably, but to a more admirable degree can he play Professor Stauffer. Say, have you heard the joke? I'll tell you the particulars the next time I see you, how some of the boys were on the campus for a stunt and thinking that Professor Stauffer was chasing them the poor innocent children almost ran themselves to nothing. It was only Bob with his toy pistol.

Maynard, it is almost bell time but I want to ask just one more question. Did you know about Professor Naught haying to provide himself with a dark green shade for his office door just because of the penetrating brilliancy of 1913? Wonderful, isn't it! There goes the bell, or "Daddy" Deck's ponderous fist I hardly know which.

Farewell,

Blanche.



Freshman Roll

ROBERT CLARK, Hemlock, W. Va.

Murmurmontis 1910. Critic Chrestomathean Society.
Winter Term.

CARL L. HOSKINS, Weston, W. Va.

Excelsior. Y. M. C. A. President of the Freshman
Class. Special Program.

DERRY BLANCHE PERRINE, Buckhannon, W. Va.

Excelsior. Y. W. C. A.

GRACE TAMBLYN, Buckhannon, W. Va.

Chrestomathean. Y. W. C. A. Associate Editor Mur-
murmontis. Music Senior. Associate Editor Pharos.

BASCOM TAYLOR TREVY, Moundsville, W. Va.

Excelsior. Y. M. C. A.

JOHN LELAND TREGELLAS, Grafton, W. Va.

Chrestomathean.

CLEMMER WARMAN WISE, Amos, W. Va.

Excelsior. Y. M. C. A. Vice President Y. M. C. A.
'10 and '11. Vice President Excelsior Society Winter
Term.

HUBERT NASH WARD, Hambleton, W. Va.

Chrestomathean. Vice President Society, Winter
Term. Special Program. Athletic Director. Associate
Editor Pharos. Secretary Oratorical Association.

RAE CATHER, Flemington, W. Va.

Chrestomathean.

Freshman Class Prophecy

One evening while walking along the street, I saw an old gentleman approaching me. As he drew near I saw that he was not the ordinary type of elderly men with whom we meet so often, but on the contrary was a man of marked individuality.

He had a dignified carriage and his face was that of a man of education and refinement while his clothes were of the kind generally worn by men of his age. While I was wondering as to whom he might be, a sudden gust of wind blew his hat from his head, and carried it almost to my feet. I picked it up and handed it to him. He thanked me very politely and as he was going in the same direction as myself, we walked along together.

I told him my name and that I was a student in the college. He asked me many questions about our school and the work that we were doing. We talked on various subjects but he never mentioned who he was or what his business was.

We had walked some distance during our pleasant conversation, and as we approached a small cottage, he told me that it was his home, and that he would be at home the next evening if I cared to call on him. I thanked him for his invitation and told him that I would come

the next evening at eight o'clock. I then bade him good night and continued on my way. Soon afterwards I met some friends and the old man was forgotten for the time being. The next evening I called at the home of the old gentleman, and was admitted by him into a room where a wood fire burned in a grate. After being seated I looked about me so as to get a better idea as to the furnishing of the room. I saw that it was fitted up like a den with a great many curios on the walls while one side of the room was taken up by a large bookcase, filled with scientific works, so I concluded from these that my new friend was a man of science.

My friend then inquired as to whether I was interested in the scientific events of the day and upon my answering in the affirmative he told me the following story:

He said that he was a professor of science in a very excellent but little known college, and that while at work one day in the laboratory the idea came to him that he could invent a machine by which he could foretell events of the future. He said that he had started work on it in the city, but on account of so much noise, he could not do much, so he had come to the country, where he could work on it without interruption. After working many

months he had at last completed the machine, and was ready to make his invention known to the world.

While he was telling me this story, I thought that if I could only get him to let me use this machine, I could get some material for my prophecy of the Freshman Class.

I told him my thoughts and he said that he would gladly let me use it, and told me to follow him into the next room.

This room was fitted up like a workshop and on a bench in the corner of the room I saw a machine that I took to be his wonderful invention.

It was an intricate piece of workmanship, made of glass and metal, with an attachment similar to a field glass. The professor then told me that if I would look into it and think of anyone whose future I wished to know that I would see a scene in their future life from which I might draw my own conclusions.

He then pressed a button and told me to look.

My mind then turned to Carl Hoskins, president of the freshman class. At first I saw only a bright screen of a silky like material, but as I looked a picture began to shape itself on the screen. In a moment it became very clear and I saw a man whom I recognized as Carl Hoskins, not the one of today but a man about forty years of age. He was upon a stage in a large auditorium filled with people.

He was playing upon a violin, and judging from the expression on the faces of the audience, it must have been a very fine selection. At this instant the scene began to

grow dim, and in a moment it was gone. I then thought of the rest of the class and saw scenes from their lives, from which I have drawn the following conclusions. Carl Hoskins will be a great violinist and composer of music, and some day will startle the world with his wonderful selections.

Miss Derry Perrine will be a great worker for the Y. W. C. A. in the colleges of America. Miss Grace Tamblin will be a foreign missionary and will do great work in India. Robert Clark and Clemmer Wise will be ministers of the gospel and will hold high positions in the W. V. W. C. as professors. Hubert Ward will be a great orator of international reputation. Rae Cather will be a doctor in one of our large cities. J. L. Tregellas will be an electrical engineer.

After seeing these wonderful scenes, I turned to the professor and told him of all the wonderful things that I had seen. This seemed to please him greatly. After staying for some time longer, I departed after thanking him for my pleasant evening's entertainment.

Several days later as I was walking along the street, past the cottage, it occurred to me to go in and see the professor again, but as I entered the gate I saw that the cottage was deserted. I knew then that my friend had gone back to his home.

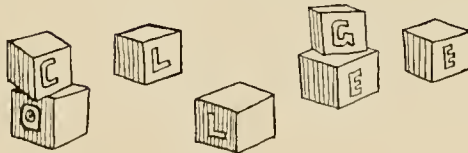
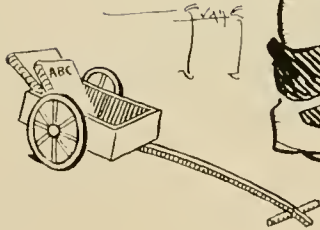
I never saw him again but several weeks later the world was startled by a wonderful invention and I knew that the professor had attained the honor due him.

Prophet.





ACADEMY



Academic Seniors

Howard Class of 1910

YELL

Red and Black! Red and Black!
Whippety whack! Whippety whack!
We're the class from the Devil's Den,
Howard! Howard! 1910!

Motto—Non Palma Sine Labore.
Colors—Red and Black.

OFFICERS

Leslie Brooks	President	Mabel Feather	Secretary
Ira Hardman	Vice President	Ernest Sidwell	Treasurer



Clarence D. Howard

The Academic Class of Nineteen Hundred and Ten, in dedicating this page to Mr. C. D. Howard, wish in this way to show their appreciation of the many benefits they have received from one whom they know as an upright Christian gentleman. By the generosity of Mr. Howard, the class is enabled to leave to the school a monument that will keep green its memory, and even when the storms of years have crumbled monuments of stone, and as long as the members of the Class of Nineteen Ten shall call to mind the memory of our happy school days, so long shall the memory and inspiration of noble life, the example of Clarence D. Howard, remain fresh in our minds an enduring monument.



Howard Class Roll

Leslie Brooks, Buckhannon, W. Va.

Thomas J. Blair, Jr., Weston, W. Va.

John Darius Cunry, Kanawha Head, W. Va.

Mabel Olive Feather, Parsons, W. Va.

Ira H. Hardman, Horner, W. Va.

Edward Earl Miller, Cowen, W. Va.

George Stanley Pierce, Kingwood, W. Va.

Helen Raine, Buckhannon, W. Va.

Ernest Stutzman, Selbyville, W. Va.

Ethel Snodgrass, Buckhannon, W. Va.

Fred Stansbury, Marshes, W. Va.

Lillian Wooddell, Pennsboro, W. Va.



Howard Class Roll

Mary Elizabeth Boylan, Buckhannon, W. Va.

Howard Clark, Buckhannon, W. Va.

Lucy Keightly Dawson, Clarksburg, W. Va.

Sidney Ross Gould, Abbott, W. Va.

Daisy Clark Hardman, Jane Lew, W. Va.

John R. Hall, Weston, W. Va.

John Kemball Lovett, Weston, W. Va.

Ralph McWhorter, McWhorter, W. Va.

Earl Moats, Harrisville, W. Va.

Edward D. Rowlands, Winifred, W. Va.

Ernest Sidwell, Montrose, W. Va.

Harry Adams Stansbury, Marshes, W. Va.

Emma Rebecca Savage, Parkersburg, W. Va.

Howard Class History

During the Fall Term of Nineteen Hundred and Eight.

The class proceeded to select a name of which it could always be proud. This name was found in that of Hon. C. D. Howard of Cowen, West Virginia, who is a member of the Board of Trustees and always a loyal friend to Wesleyan.

The class was continually performing "stunts" during the Spring Term of Nineteen Hundred and Nine. At a reception of the Haggerty Class when their hopes were high and they were expecting great things of their President and toastmaster, to their sad disappointment they learned that he—(Dick) had gone to the country in a cab accompanied by his friends—the Juniors.

A little later the Juniors held their reception at the New Arlington Hotel. The table, accommodating about forty guests, was heavily loaded with the many good things to eat. For two hours the feast continued, accompanied with many jokes, while the Buckhamton Orchestra furnished plenty of music for the occasion.

At the closing of the feast, toasts were given by various members of the class. One that was highly appreciated was given by the guest of honor—Mr. C. D. Howard, who spoke of the future prospects of Wesleyan, of his interest in the school, and especially his connection with the class which now bears his name.

At the opening of the Fall term of Nineteen Hundred

and Nine the class immediately reorganized as Seniors, electing officers as follows: President, Leslie Brooks; vice president, Ira Hardman; secretary, Mabel Feather; treasurer, Ernest Sidwell.

This class has always played a very important part in athletics. It furnished five men on the 'varsity football team of '08, one of whom was the manager; also four men for the '09 squad two of whom were the captain and manager. It also furnished three first team baseball men for the '09 season, and has donated more to athletics than any other class. This class has been far more active in intellectual contests. On March fifteenth, 1910, Brooks and Lovett defeated Marietta College at Marietta, Ohio, in an intercollegiate debate. It also furnished six members on the special programs given by the Literary Societies.

In recognition of the merits of the '10 class Mr. Howard donated 740 square yards of cement walk, laid on the campus grounds in front of the Ladies Hall, and extending to the College building. This is the greatest monument that has ever been donated by any class. Let us as members of the Howard class never cease to do deeds of honor worthy to be recorded in the pages of history, and let us march onward and upward until the heights of great men are attained, and then, we can look back with pride on "the class that never failed, the class of twenty-two, that brought victory for Old Wesleyan in all she tried to do." Historian.

Howard Class Poem

The seniors hearts are all atune,
With this the happy time of June,
Hearts, brimmed o'er with joy and mirth,
See joy reflected in the earth.

Joy gleams in every drop of dew,
Joy beams from skies serene and blue,
Joy dwells in every senior's breast,
Our toil is o'er, now soon we'll rest.

Let skies be blue and weather fair
Our hearts are light and free from care
Our labors have already won
Some victories; but we've just begun.

Some in debate have proved their skill,
This fact with pride our class doth thrill;
While some by music's magic art
Have power to move each listener's heart.

Our victories, whate'er they be
From all dishonor must be free
For no dishonor e'er can soil
The victories won by honest toil.

There all our victories in life,
Whate'er its conflicts and its strife
By the Howard Class must all be bought
By earnest labor, bravely wrought.

Howard Class Prophecy, 1910

While examining some old curios in my grandfather's attic one day, I noticed an odd looking brass case on one of the shelves. I picked it up, and being mildly interested, I carried it down stairs and inquired as to its history. But before I give its history, let me give you a description of it. As I have already stated it was made of brass. It was about the size of a cigar box, and weighed six or eight pounds. A combination lock held the lid securely. But the thing which struck me as most significant was the extraordinary size of the hinges in comparison to the size of the case.

In reply to my inquiries I was told that in his youth my grandsire had been somewhat of a traveler. And that one time while on a hunting trip in India he had come across in the jungle a dying Hindoo Fakir. He had administered to the man's wants as best he could and in return the Hindoo had given him the case; but had died before he had explained how it was opened or what it contained. No one being curious enough to break the lock, the case had for a period of twenty-five years or more been hidden away with its secret concealed.

Upon seeing me so deeply interested the old gentleman had given me the case and laughingly suggested that I unravel the mystery. The next day I returned to where I was going to school and took my new possession with me.

As soon as I was settled in my room I began experimenting with the lock of the case but all to no avail. Meanwhile I was elected "class prophet."

One day while studying the case I noticed a difference between the hinges, one being slightly larger than the other. I pressed upon the larger of the hinges with one hand and with the other I gave the combination knob a sharp turn. And lo! the miracle was done. The lid came slowly back. Nestling in its soft lining was an amber colored disk. In the center of this disk glowed a huge yellow stone from which strange darting lights came.

One night I awoke and found the case in my hand. Remembering that I had locked it in my trunk before retiring I could not account for its presence in my hand. But there it was as plain as day. I turned on the light and opened the case. In place of the large disk, there were several small ones precisely like the original. And the yellow stones reminded me of the eyes of savage beasts glaring around the room.

I picked one up and held it to the light. At first all appeared to be blurred. But while I looked I saw a vision, and while I gazed spellbound the vision became clearer and I recognized the interior of the U. S. capitol. The vision changed to a view of the president and his cabinet. For a few minutes the faces all appeared strange to me; but gradually I made out the president's face to be that of Leslie Brooks, the president of the senior class of 1910. Near him sat his private secretary whom by his wealth of auburn curls, I recognized as D. Rowlands.

With little difficulty I made out the members of the cabinet to be as follows: Blair, Hall, Gould, Moats, Miller, Hardman, Fred and Harry Stansbury. Slowly the vision faded away until all had disappeared.

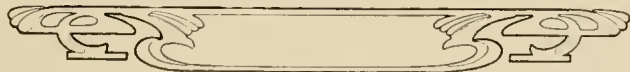
I then picked up another disk. In this I saw what appeared to be an M. E. conference. Here I saw Clark, Curry, Lovett, Sidwell and Stutzman, in the cloth of their calling. None of them seemed to be any the worse for the wear of time, with the exception of Lovett whose hair was growing thin on top. And while I looked the second disk became blank.

The next disk I picked up showed me a variation of scenes. One was Daisy Hardman, leaning on the arm of the president of the U. S., another was of Mabel Feather, who with great dignity held down Miss Wyman's job at the Hall. Misses Boylen and Raine were advocating "Votes for Women" with great success. Miss Wooddell had become head instructor in the business department of Wesleyan and Miss Snodgrass had written the most popular novel of the day. Miss Dawson had become the happy bride of one of the ministers mentioned. I looked at this disk a moment longer and as nothing more showed, I picked up one of the remaining two. On this one I saw no vision except a notice of Jack McWhorter. He had made his name famous in the world by amputating the leg of a chair.

But one disk remained and it was like the last one I had examined. It merely showed me a notice of DeWitt Hall who was one of the most noted reporters in the U. S. At this time he held a prominent position on the staff of the Buckhannon Banner.

I replaced the disks in the box and closed the lid. I had a glimpse into the future from which I write the prophecy of the class of 1910.

Prophet.



Academic Juniors

Class of 1911

Sterling J. Miller Class.

Colors—Maroon and Silver Gray.

Motto—Virtus omnia vincit.

YELL

Juniors! Juniors! we feel fine,
We're a class of 39!
Seniors! Seniors! watch them flee,
They are a class of '23'.

OFFICERS

Everett G. Coffman	President	Glenna Perrine	Secretary
Charles R. Clovis	Vice President	O. C. Hall	Treasurer

Class of 1911

Sterling J. Miller Class

Early in the Fall Term of 1909, an event took place in the halls of Wesleyan that is destined to be a landmark in the history of our College; nay, not only in the history of our College but also in the history of our nation. Doubtless, within a few years, this event will rank with such events as the Declaration of Independence or the establishment of Wesleyan. The great landmark to which we refer was the organization of the Junior Academic Class. This class is the largest in the history of our college consisting of twenty-five boys and fourteen girls, several of whom were born great and those who were not so fortunate have already achieved greatness by proving themselves fit subjects to become members of this, Wesleyan's greatest Class.

Already Prophets have seen among the members of this Class, orators who bid fair to rival the world's greatest orator, Demosthenes; ministers who will rival Gypsy Smith in Evangelistic work; presidents who will rank even higher than any who have as yet lead our nation on

to success; teachers who at some time in the near future will cause Wesleyan to rank higher than even Yale or Harvard. In fact this class is known as "The Class that does things." Even the college Seniors acknowledge that they are fortunate in having such a class to whom they can go for advice when something comes up that requires genuine gray matter to find the direct way to victory. And at this early date they have formed the habit of consulting the Junior Academic Class when in doubt.

On the whole, Wesleyan is prouder of her Junior Academic Class than any other, and well she may be for the records of this class far surpass those of any other in her history. To the "Preps" of Wesleyan we wish to say that they can choose no wiser course than to follow in the footsteps of these eminent Juniors.

To those who doubt what we have said about this Class we invite their attention to the accompanying cuts. If you will carefully examine the faces you will see written there exactly what you have read in this article.



Junior Class Roll

William Ernest Ballentine	Oral Charles Hall	Hazel Vandyke Roberts
Charles H. Clovis	Grace Harris	Estella Rogers
Everett Guy Coffman	Cecil Glenn McCoy	Louisa Spies
Edgar Huff Curry	Edward Clyde Morgan	Lula Stump
Louis Edward Fahrion	Addie Louise Post	Okey Earle Spencer
Cleon Roscoe Fitzhugh	Roberta Anne Regar	Allen S. Theasher
Carle George Weltman	Ellis Benton Whaley	



Junior Class Roll

Josephine Clark

Fillmore Compton, Jr.

Lois Clark

Paul McNeil Crouch

Willis Elzie Dean

Ava Hazel Fearer

Spencer K. Goodwin

John Snowden Kellison

Basil Linger

Arley Van McCoy

Lillie Belle Moore

Page Milburn, Jr.

John Luther Norris

Glenna Maud Perrine

George Paul Roberts

Georgia Smith

Greta Emma Teets

Harry Trippett

Preps, Sub-Preps, Semi-Sub-Preps



Buckhannon, W. Va.
Feb. the twoth, 1910.

Deer Pap:

Sence i left yew it seems like a coons age. They hav a terrible big school house up heer—neerly as big as yore hole corner lot in simpsonville. I tell yew it is a whopper.

There are classes heer and eech own has a president and offisers just like the Snag Run literary. There are Jewniors and Seeniors. The Jewniors wear little red caps like them that advertise soda. I'd like tew see wun go throo the field whare Uncle Jims ole Herrford bull is. I asked sum fellers what i wuz. Wun sed a rube and the other a sub-prep. The preps study Harvey's grammar and sum of the sub-preps have the fifth reeder. The Freshies and preps havent any presidence. We get the frunt seats in chapel and there are enuff of us tew jurtly neer run things, if we wood.

The Seeniors belong too 1910 and the Jewniors are 1911 but we are scattered from Dan tew Bersheeby fur theres Doe Post will graduate in '16 or get married wun and Heyward wont finish till 1923 and wont then onless he gets a check frum home. Alrite we have a member of the faculty which is Doe Post hu teeches pemanship and Judge Roseoe Rings the beell. Then billy Brook and Bruce Lowther are the most popular fellows in skool and they are preps. A feller aint popular onless he only has 3 cents and owze a big lawndry bill. Besides we hav 2 re-hedded fellers whitch iz one better than the Seeniors and Roy Law haz a case on Minnie Jane who iz in the faculty.

Wun nite last week we had a meeting of awl preps, subs, and freshies the Seeniors and colligegyees. We awl blacked our faces and swore solemn not tew reveal the promseedins. After pair by Dutch Van Dine and Singing "We'll hang Minie Jane to a sour lemon tree" we wur called tew order by Eli Williamson hoo is a preecher and the champion runner in skool and used too darkeys. He called on any wun to speel. Cissero Morgan hoo things he looks like Danyel Webster got up and run his fingers threw hiz hare and begun: "I beseach yew sez he in thunderin accents soft and low I beseach yew gentlemen in the name of those herose of Bunker Hill hoose posterity yu are, tew brook no moar the insults heeped upon yew by the proud and hawty Seeniors and Jewniors and coollege stiwdents. Rouse ye O preps rouseyee in vure nite and wipe them like and avalanche acrossse the dark wave ntil not wun of the serpents iz left in the fold." Yea verily said Judge Roscoe and Tubby Nestor lowde he talked like a fish but the rest of us awl cheered

and stomped our feat. Then up Jumped Eli and sed "az fur me give me Coca-Cola or give me death. Ours tew do or die! Let our slowgun be down withe tryants!" We cheered sum moare and Mint lowther asked Groseep for a sigaret. They yelled Down with the tyrance and it looked like we woud go on the war path shure but at this critiele junction Tubby Deen and Strader withdroo takin all our peanuts and Notax. That made us feal like quittin when Ridley Anderson sez in hollow tones look! and we saw what looked like a moovin pillar of fire between the colleg and Doc Doney's which seated us all speechless even Pete Murdok until we found it wuz Munk Rowlands which was wurse yet and we awl tuk tew our heels and run like Hale Columby.

I tore my new Duteless pants and i wish yew would send be munny tew by a new pare. Im not quitte broke but Im badly bent.

Yore lovin sun
George.



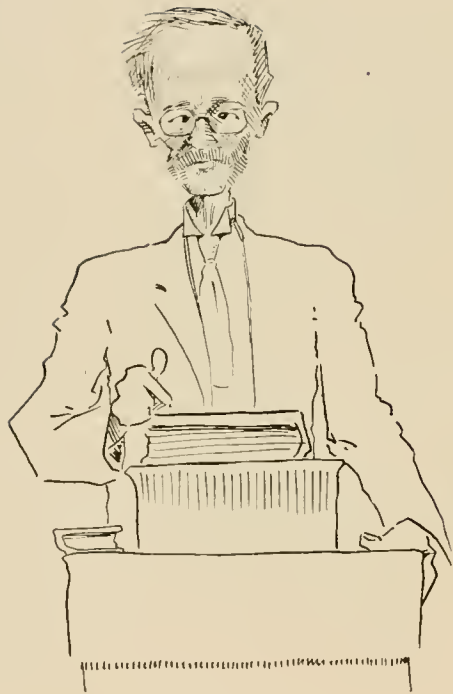


Mac Avoy

MUSIC ~ ~



CAUGHT AT CHAPEL, FEB. 26.



Music at Wesleyan

There is a tradition which Philo has handed down to us through the Jews: that, when the Almighty had finished our world, he turned to the angels and said, "Pure ones, what think ye of the work of my hands?"

The highest Archangel responded for the vast number of the unfallen, "God, the Creator, but one thing is lacking in thy great work. Command that the voice of music may fill with its clear, sweet sound this fair new world; and that day and night, from sea, hill, and vale, it may offer to thee its thanksgiving."

Then God said, "Let the voice of harmony be heard everywhere." And man and bird, ocean and river, gave back their hymn of praise.

When the members of the West Virginia Conference began to plan for the erection of a Seminary at Buckhannon, they too saw that something was lacking. Although music at that time was being taught in some of the educational institutions of the State, yet at none of them was it made an important and separate department. Consequently these good men determined to establish a School of Music in connection with the proposed Seminary, so that "the voice of harmony" might some day be heard throughout the State, and that the youth of West Virginia might join in the "hymn of praise."

In 1890, the first school year, the Music Department began its work, with a faculty of two and an enrollment

of thirty-four. Each year the number of students increased until 1905, the year in which the main building was burned, when the enrollment was approximately one hundred and fifty, and the faculty consisted of five members. The three following years saw a marked decrease in attendance as well as general interest; but, during the past and the present school years, the conservatory has been steadily regaining her former standing, and, considering all things, is as well patronized as any other department of the College.

The course of study has also been extended. The work required for graduation as laid down in the first catalogue edition, covered only that of the sixth grade of the present curriculum. There was only one year of theory prescribed, and no literary requirements whatever. At present, the technical course of study extends through eight grades; two years of harmony, one of analysis, and a thorough course in theory and musical history are required. Each candidate for graduation must also have completed a literary course equal to that required for college entrance.

The School of Music has been loyally supported not only by the people of West Virginia but by those of the adjoining states as well. With their continued help and co-operation, the Wesleyan Conservatory of Music will soon hold a prominent place among the musical institutions of the country.



The School of Music

Faculty.

Samuel Klotz Trimmer, Director School of Music
Pianoforte, Organ, Theory of Music.

Olive Dhu Owen, Voice, Piano.

Bertha Porter Roberts, Violin, Piano, Harmony,
Theory.

Emma Hall Tarbet, Pianoforte, Pipe Organ.

Seniors, Class of 1910.

Gertrude Vaughn Davies, Voice.

Beatrice May Fitzwater, Piano.

Maida Virginia Hall, Piano.

Dora Frances Chalfant, Piano.

Laura Lowe, Piano, Voice.

Mayme Cowell Young, Piano.

Mary Mabel Hanson, Piano.

Louise May Lanham, Piano.

Mabel Wilson, Voice.

Grace Tamblyn, Piano.

Edna Brown, Voice.

Juniors.

Belva Riley, Piano.

Rachel Bee, Piano.

Maggie Merrells, Piano.

What Is Music?

“The art of the beautiful and pleasing.”—Quintillian.

“The universal language, which, when all other languages were confounded, the confusion of Babel left unconfounded.”—Professor Wilson.

“Miraculous rhetoric! excelling eloquence!”—Isaac Walton.

“A kind of inarticulate, unfathomable speech, which leads us on to the edge of the infinite.”—Carlyle.

“The highest of all science.”—Bach.

“The medicine of the breaking heart.”—Hunt.

“The sweet comparison of labor.”—Sir J. Lubbock.

“That which has the power of making heaven descend to earth.”—Japanese Proverb.

“The voice of liberty.”—W. S. Walker.

“The voice of prayer.”—Shever.

“One of the most forcible instruments for training, for arousing and for governing the mind and the spirit of man.”—Gladstone.

“The fine art which more than any other ministers to human welfare.”—Herbert Spencer.

The Zoological Orchestra of W. V. W. C.

The festive Bird plied the drumstick, while
The Moon revealed the bones;
The Possum played a Reed instrument
That gave the broadest tones.

The Goose could Clara(net), and
The fiddler was a Ke(a)rd;
The Katy-did a song and dance
While the accompanist Maid-a whirl.

Oh, Long-meter was a measure,
Sa(y the) mule had to bray
For when the "Wood"-wind turned the Pages,
The "Kid" was scared away.

The Horne(r)nt's organ point
Was rather sharp and thin;
The Whal-ey (he) was so August-ah,
They did away with him.

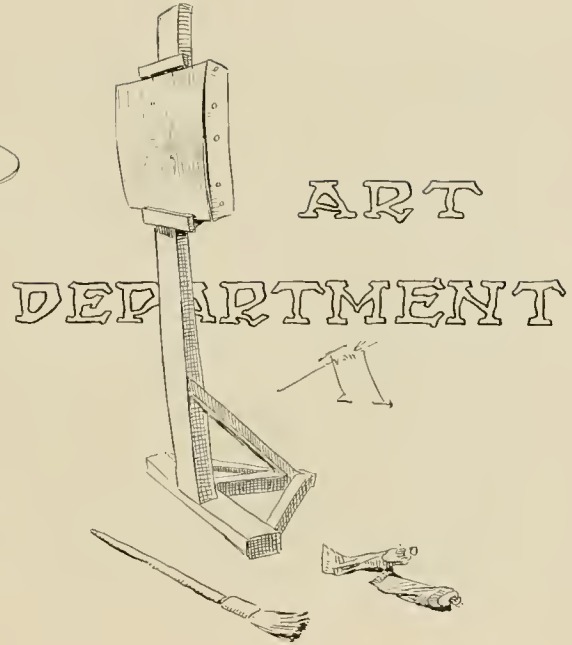
The Nickelodeon furnished the soloist; for
None could play Lo(we) so well;
His horn was Blue and tipped with brass;
He also rang the bell.

The Bee could play upon the comb;
They wished she hadn't come,
For all the music that she knew
Was "Hum, Sweet Hum!"



Rubenstein Club

Mae Avoy





Clark

The Picture

“There’s a pool in the ancient forest,”
The painter-poet said,
“That is violet-blue and emerald
From the face of the sky o’erhead.”

So, far in the ancient forest,
To the heart of the wood went I,
But found no pool of emerald,
No violet-blue for sky.

Then back to the ancient forest
I went with a strange, wild thrill,
And I found the pool of emerald,
Near the breast of the rose-green hill.

“There’s a pool in the ancient forest,”
Said the painter-poet still,
“That is violet-blue and emerald,
Near the breast of a rose-green hill.”

And the heart of the ancient forest
The painter-poet drew,
And painted a pool of emerald
That thrilled me through and through.

O. Phyllis Perrin,

Berea, W. Va.

Senior in Art.

Phyllis entered school in the fall of 1907. During her stay at Wesleyan she has not devoted her time entirely to art. She has always been active in the Student Organizations, having served her society on the Special Program, and as an officer. Miss Perrin is the only art senior this year and so takes all "the honors" of graduation from this department.



Art Department

Mary F. Higginbotham, Director.

Senior.

O. Phyllis Perrin.

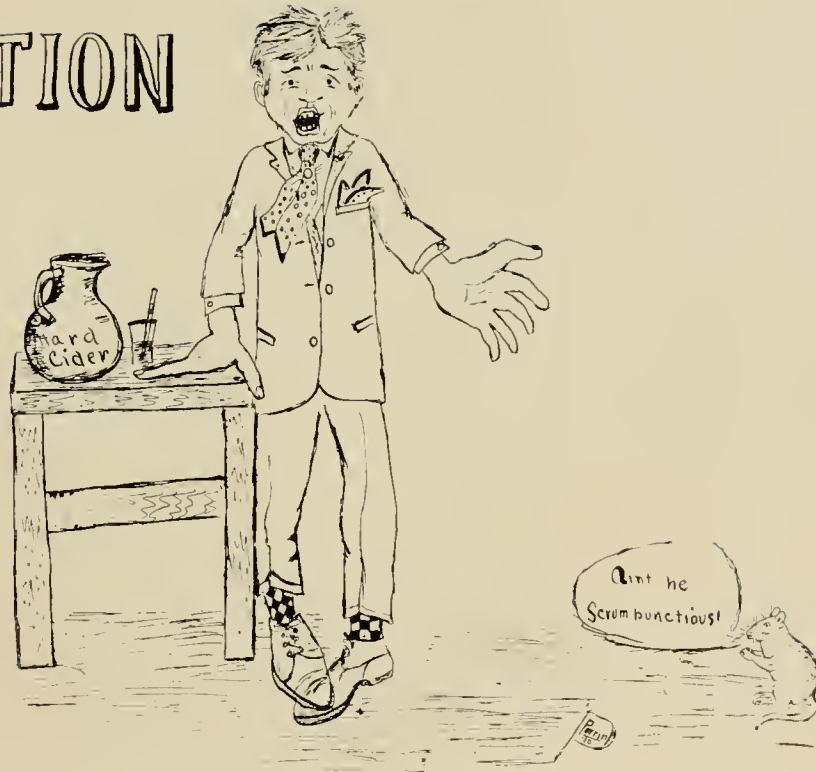
Department Roll.

Virginia Stemple	Miss Moore	Eula Lewis
Miss Walls	Mr. Harvey	Mary Close
Miss Bonar	Mr. Warner	Miss Prociouss
Lucile Hilleary	Miss Perrin	Miss Pyre
Dora Weber	Ruth Ferguson	Miss Savage
Lula Higginbotham	Miss Hall	Mr. Moon
Mr. Arnett	Mr. Tegarten	Mr. Moats
Miss Powers	Carl Young	



Mac Avoy

ELOCUTION





Editha O. Parsons, B. O.

“I think that I love and reverence all arts equally, only putting my own just above the others because in it I recognize the union and combination of them all. It seems to me when God conceived the world, that was poetry; when he formed it, that was sculpture; when he colored it, that was painting; when he peopled it with living beings, that was the divine, eternal drama.”

Charlotte Cushman.

The Aim of the Department

“Incentives come from the soul’s self; the rest
avail not.”—Browning.

To Teach the Dignity and Worth of the Art of Expression

Oratory has become a recognized factor in the lives of Wesleyan students. The advantages gained in a systematic training along this line, are invaluable. The instruction seeks to broaden the intellect of the student, to strengthen his imagination and to develop his personality; in short to arouse him to bring forth the highest and best within him.

He is led to create ideals from a comprehensive study and a keen appreciation of fine literature and to form ideas from which he gains the ability to think for himself. The orator must communicate his ideas through voice and action, and therefore these must be brought into harmony and co-ordination with the mind.

Oratory has in every age and nation wielded a more

general and potent influence than any other art. Some may say that the present century is one of inactivity along this line; but so sure as history repeats itself, so sure as a time of adversity is followed by a time of prosperity so surely will eloquence again assume its important place in determining the future of men and nations.

The universities are the first to catch the returning light, and the renewed interest in public speaking among students can be taken as a good omen in the revival of oratory.

The oration, essay and declamation contests at home, and the intercollegiate debates abroad, prove that Wesleyan is fully aroused and is preparing her students to become leaders among men, to instruct, convince and persuade.

BEATRICE MAY FITZWATER, Buckhannon, W. Va.

Miss Fitzwater entered school in 1908. She has been a student in both the Department of Expression and the Department of Music, and this year is graduated with honors from both departments of the College.



MINNIE JANE MERRELLS, Buckhannon, W. Va.

Miss Merrells this year takes the degree of A. B. from the College. During her stay at Wesleyan she has also done full work in the Department of Expression and this year adds to her graduation from the College the honor of graduation from this department.



MAUDE WILSON BARNES, Weston, W. Va.

Miss Barnes was graduated from the Seminary in the class of 1908. After her graduation she entered the Department of Expression and this year receives her diploma of graduation from this department. Miss Barnes

received the distinction of being the only young lady ever elected president of the Chrestomathean Literary Society.

Department of Expression

Editha O. Parsons, B. O., Director.

DEPARTMENT ROLL

Seniors.

Minnie J. Merrells	Beatrice W. Fitzwater	Mabel Snodgrass	Earle Ray Casto
Maude W. Barnes			

Juniors.

Private Work.

Frances Bonar	Mary Berthy	Eileene Batson	Minnie Merrells
Sara Munson	Nellie Chidester	Mabel Snodgrass	D. A. Hall
Ada Withers	Hazel Roberts	Margaret Elder	Beatrice Fitzwater
	E. R. Casto	Maude Barnes	

Sophomore Oratory.

Evelyn Fitzgerald	E. G. Coffman	Charles Reed	Z. R. Knotts
Phyllis Perrin	Robert Clark	B. W. Roberts	Paul Smith
Amy Hall	Frank Arnett	Denver Pickens	S. R. Gould
Mabel Snodgrass	Edward Diek	J. Timothy Moon	Leslie Brooks
Richard Aspinall	Burrell Long	Earl Moats	Clemmer Wise
Ira L. Warner	Edward Rowlands	Hubert N. Ward	

CLASS ELOCUTION

Senior Class Work.

Maude Barnes

Minnie Merrells

Mary Berthy

Beatrice Fitzwater

Regular Classes.

Frances Bonar

L. R. Fahrion

O. Earl Spencer

Sara Munson

Ada Withers

William Judy

E. G. Coffman

E. C. Morgan

H. L. Smith

E. R. Casto

P. M. Smith

SPECIAL CLASSES

Parliamentary Drill.

Maude Barnes

E. G. Coffman

S. R. Gould

Frank Arnett

Leslie Brooks

Hubert Ward

Floyd Hanifin

Normal Training.

Bertie Backus

Amy Hyer

Lucy Dawson

Emma Savage

Children's Class.

Marjory Young

Paul Doney

Junior Young

Hugh Doney



MacAvoy



BUSINESS

Gusling

School of Commerce

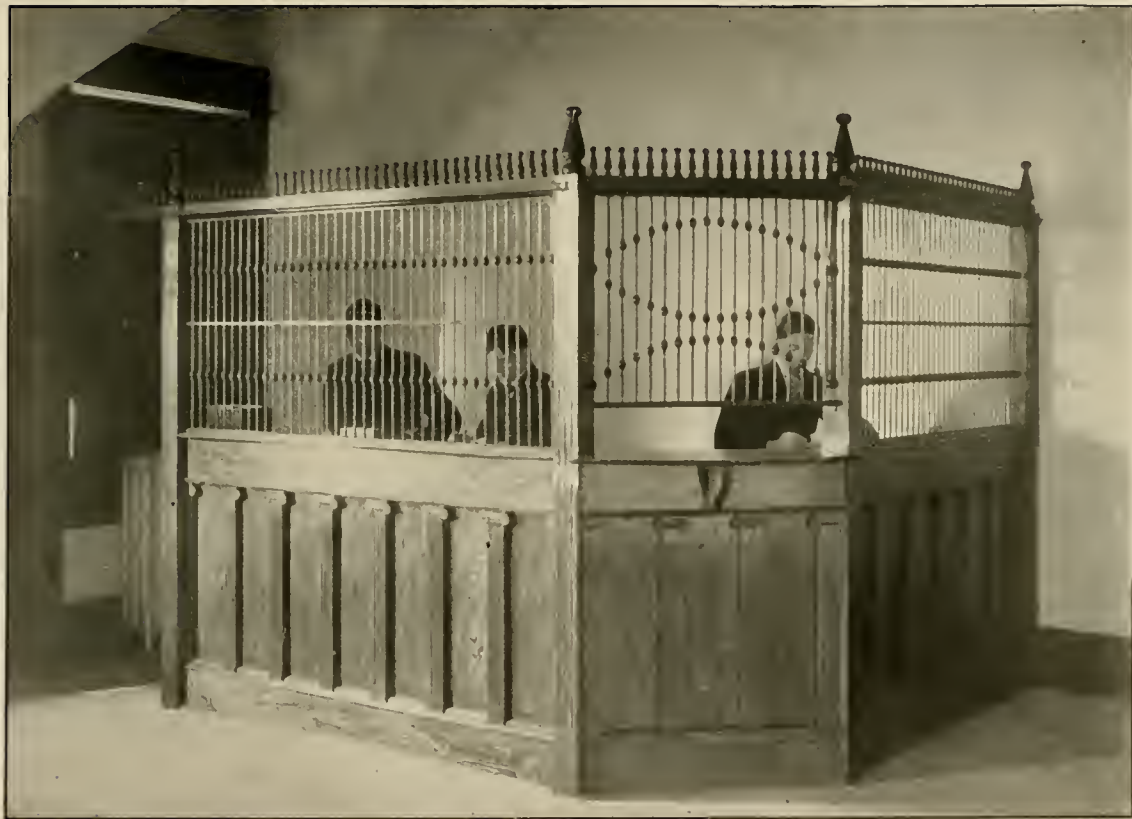
With the establishment of the West Virginia Conference Seminary the School of Commerce had its beginning. Though conducted in the same building with the Seminary it was a school unto itself bearing the name Seminary Business College until 1902. Then under its present management it was made a regular department of the Seminary subject to the same rules and regulations governing other departments.

This department began in the year 1890 by offering a course of training in bookkeeping, penmanship, shorthand and typewriting covering a period of three to five months. But as more efficient training was demanded, other branches were introduced and the time required for completing the course correspondingly lengthened until in the year 1903 it was expanded into a two-year course. Again in 1904, when the Seminary became a college, other subjects were added to the curriculum of the School of Commerce and the course made to coincide in time with the Academic courses of the College. This is proving to be a very popular course.

Advancement has ever been the watchword of the School of Commerce and its aim to train young people for

the business needs of the day—not merely to fill clerical positions but to become business masters. Industry alone does not insure success. It is but one element. Brain counts most heavily and the man who does not think is already a failure. No longer has the banker, the merchant, the railroad manager time to apprentice his clerks, bookkeepers, managers or superintendents. These employees must come to him already trained or remain in subordinate positions. In the School of Commerce young men are trained to think as well as to do—they learn to do things and to know why they do them and what relation the work in hand bears to other things about them.

In the history of this school many obstacles have been encountered and overcome. Scant equipment, crowded quarters, the burning of the building,—not one of these has caused a step backward but in spite of all hindrances the course of the School of Commerce has been steadily forward. We reflect upon a past of which we are not ashamed. We rejoice in the successful present and look forward in hopes of a future of even greater usefulness.



School of Commerce

George W. Broyles,
Principal.

Elizabeth Billingsley

Fred C. Post

Derry B. Perrine

Commercial Science Course.

Seniors.

Gould, Sidney Ross

Hall, Frank Dewitt

Wooddell, Lillian Curry

Juniors.

Ryder, Maud
Spencer, Okey

Spies, Louisa
Thresher, Allen R.

One Year Bookkeeping Course.

Hedges, Charles T.

Hefner, Wilson

Luikart, John H.

Newlon, Guy Adam

Hedges, Lynn F.

Lorentz, George Gihon

Newcomb, Albert C.

Pifer, Clarence Teece

Ross, Estel D.

Shinn, William S.

One Year Shorthand Course.

Armstrong, Reta Chloe

Eekess, Daisy

Lane, Carl

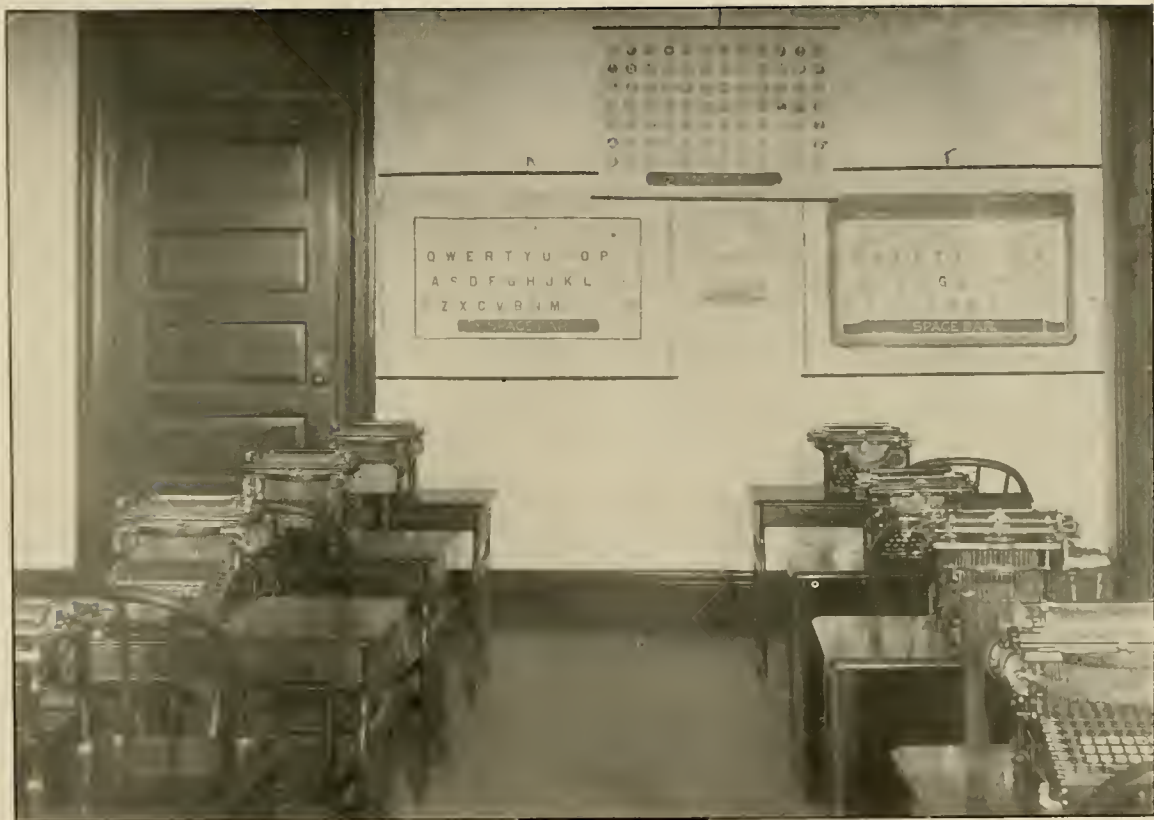
Ocheltree, Nellie

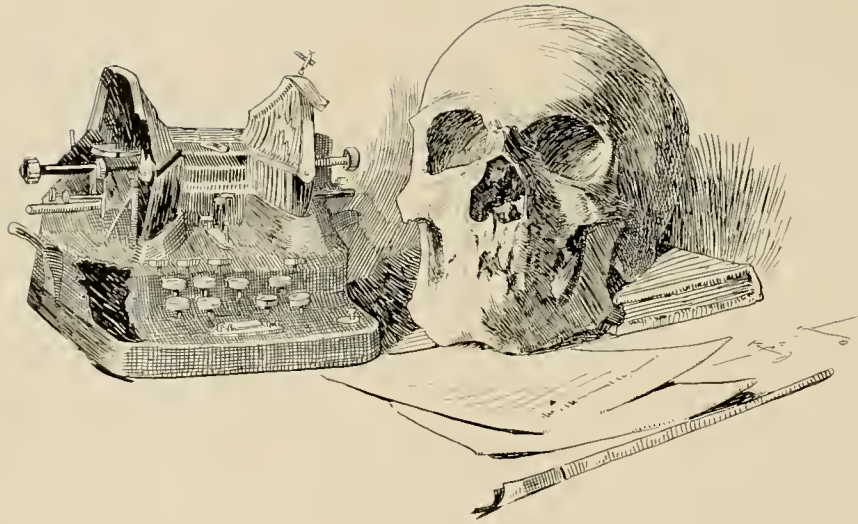
Berthy, John Howard

Farnsworth, Ralph

Morgan, Levi

Wolfe, Zelma







MARRIED MEN'S CLUB





EXCELSIOR

"ESSE QVAM VIDERE"

SM
↓ ↓

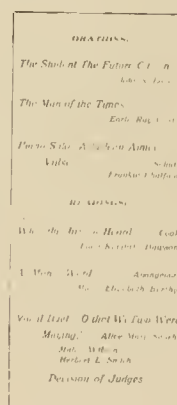
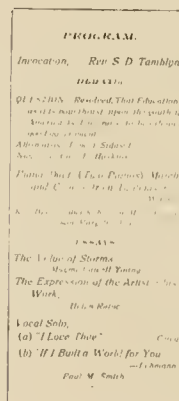
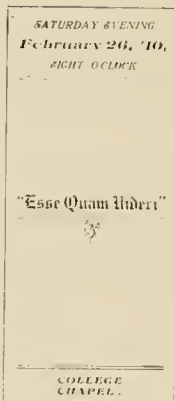
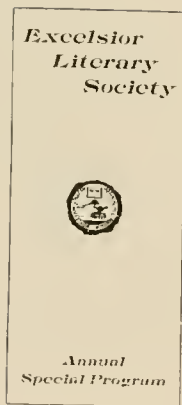
Excelsior Literary Society

Founded September 11, 1890.

Motto—"Esse quam Videre."

Colors—Pink and Blue.

1910 SPECIAL PROGRAM





Excelsior Hall

Excelsior Literary Society

Never before has there been such a demand for men; genuine, wholehearted, true hearted men; men who can see their duty and seeing dare to do; men who have been trained to think quickly and act wisely. It is to the Christian college that the world is looking for such men.

No organization in a school is so potent a factor in the development of a student as the literary society. West Virginia is looking to Wesleyan College for her future leaders and many of them are being trained in Excelsior Hall.

In the early days of Wesleyan the literary societies absorbed practically all of the student's activities outside of the class rooms. Athletics had not the spirit and enthusiasm of today; lecture courses were irregular and Christian Associations were undreamed of. No greater tribute can be paid to the worth and efficiency of Excelsior society than the fact that although our school is second to none in our State in athletics, although Wes-

leyan supports the strongest lecture course of any school of its size, although the Christian Associations are alive and active, Excelsior still maintains her standard of work and still claims her share of the student's time and talent.

The many friends of Excelsiorism will be delighted to hear of the progress made in the past few years. The walls have been repapered; a beautiful grand piano has been recently purchased. The hall is now completely furnished in the most artistic manner. Every thing is of the very best. Space forbids our giving a detailed account of the work done, but the interest and enthusiasm in the programs has never waned. The hall is filled at every meeting. During the fall term of this year forty-four names were added to our roll. Our students have won high honors both on our own programs and in contests with other colleges.

May our society continue to be an honor to Wesleyan and inspiration to her friends and a blessing to all new students, is the wish of every loyal Excelsior.

Excelsior Roll

Anderson, R. W.	Bayes, J. M.	Miss Bonar, Frances	Thrasher, A. S.
Armstrong, Ed.	Miss Barnes, Ina	Miss Boylen, Mary	Weltman, G. C.
Miss Barnes, Katherine	Miss Brake, Laura	Miss Beahler, Goldia	Wise, Clemmer
Miss Bonar, Bertha	Miss Bee, Ray	Cutlip, Alevie	Miss Wooddell
Miss Backus, Bertie	Chenoweth, C. W.	Miss Chalfant, Frank	Moon, Charles
Miss Berthy, Mary	Clovis, Charles	Miss Crane, Jessie	Hawkins, G. W.
Casto, E. Ray	Miss Clements, Margret	Dawson, Lucy	Miss Brown, Edna
Miss Cummings, Audry	DeSteffino, Nick	Miss Ferguson, Ruth	Lambert, O. P.
Dean, W. E.	Fitzlugh, C. R.	Goodwin, S. K.	Stutzman, Ernest
Fabrion, Louis	Garrett, A. E.	Hall, O. C.	Miss Snodgrass, Mabel
Miss Ferer, Hazel	Harvey, J. A.	Hubbs, Harold	Miss Sutton, Audry
Hall, F. D.	Hoskins, Carl	Hardman, Daisy	Miss Teets, Emma
Hartley, W. H.	Miss Hanlin, Augusta	Miss Hoskins, Bertha	Williams, J. D.
Miss Haught, Esther	Hall, D. A.	Miss Hilleary, Minnie	Williamson, E. H.
Miss Hartley, Elizabeth	Hathway, Walden	Kellison, J. S.	Miss Withers, Ada
Miss Harris, Grace	Judy, William	Law, Claud J.	Miss Law, Lona
Hall, R. L.	Law, Roy G.	Murdock, Peter	Miss Westfall, Jessie
Lovett, J. K.	Miss Lewis, Ora	Miss Merrells, Maggie	Brown, R. C.
Luikart, J. H.	Moon, Timothy	Miss Merrells, Minnie	Sidwell, Ernest
Moon, Mark	McCoy, Arley	Norris, J. L.	Miss Snodgrass, Ethel
McCoy, Glen	Nester, G. E.	Miss Perrine, Glenna	Smith, P. M.
Malcomb, Charles	Miss Precious, Daliah	Miss Powers, Mazie	Miss Ward, Flora
Miss Ocheltree, Nellie	Miss Perin, Phyllis	Rowlands, E.	Whaley, Ellis
Miss Perrine, Derry	Roscoe, J. S.	Miss Robinson, Mabel	Miss Wilson, Mabel
Reed, C. C.	Miss Ryder, Maud	Strader, A. D.	Miss Young, Mamie
Miss Raine, Helen	Miss Rogers, Estelle	Smith, H. L.	Treyey, Bascom
Miss Robinson, Mary	Berthy, Howard	Stambaugh, A. G.	Miss Sharps, Ada
Miss Armstrong	Balentine, W. E.	Miss Sine, Opal	Miss Jennings, Bessie



CHRESTOMATHEAN
HALL

H. Clark

Chrestomathean Literary Society

Founded September 11, 1890

Motto—"Virtute et Labore."

Colors—Yellow and White.

Officers 1909—'10.

Fall Term.

Mr. Aspinall, President.
Mr. Brooks, Vice President.
Miss Brooks, Recording Secretary.
Mr. Coffman, Treasurer.

Miss Deck, Pianist.
Miss Feather, Chorister.
Mr. Dick, Critic.
Mr. Moats, Marshal.

D. C. Pickens, Corresponding Secretary.

Winter Term.

Frank E. Arnett, President.
Zelotes R. Knotts, Vice President.
Basil Linger, Treasurer.
Evelyn Fitzgerald, Recording Secretary.

Filmore Compton, Chorister.

D. C. Pickens, Corresponding Secretary.
Robert Clark, Critic.
Richard Aspinall, Marshal.
Virginia Mays, Pianist.

Spring Term.

Mr. L. Brooks, President.
Mr. Miller, Vice President.
Mr. Blair, Treasurer.
Miss Mays, Recording Secretary.

Mr. Gould, Critic.

D. C. Pickens, Corresponding Secretary.
Miss Tambyln, Pianist.
Miss Hall, Chorister.
Mr. Arnett, Marshal.



Chresto Special Performers

Chrestomathean Literary Society

It was Emerson who said, "The true test of civilization is not the census, nor the size of its cities, nor the crops, but the kind of men the country turns out." Realizing this truth, and conscious that Chrestomatheans must prove the greatness of Chrestomatheanism, we are proud of the men and women we have turned out.

Space will not permit us to make mention of our many members who are filling the different vocations of life, but we are glad to say our present dean and three of the trustees of our school are former "Chrestos."

Since the issuing of the last annual Chrestomatheanism has kept pace with the rapid progress of the school. The hall is now well furnished. The floors have been adorned with a costly and beautiful carpet so that one may find himself more comfortable while attending society than by his own fireside.

In the fall of '08 occurred the presidency of Ward Lanham followed by Floyd R. Hanifan and Miss Maude Barnes. The special was held on May first. Robert Clark and Joseph Barnett debated, "Resolved that the number

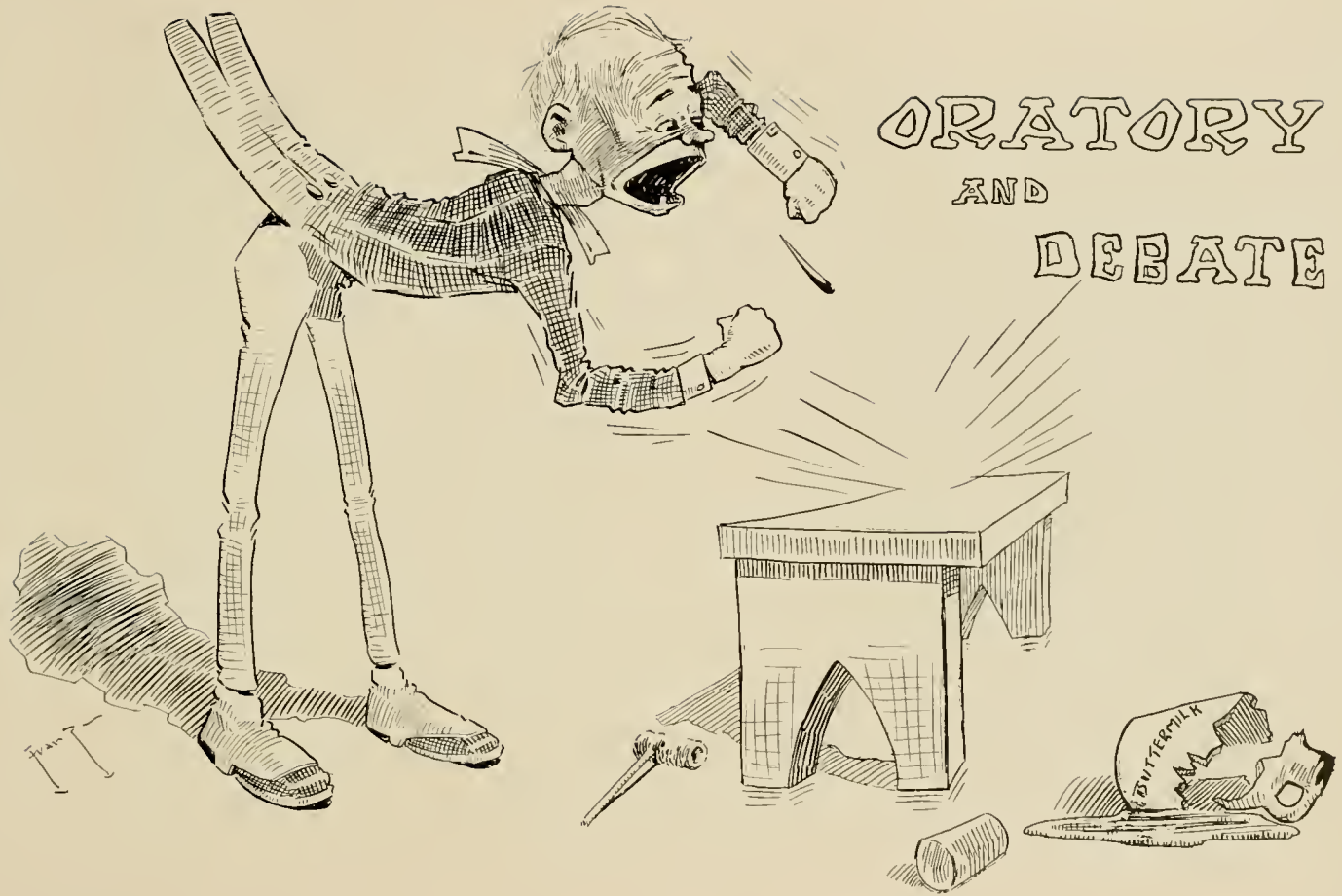
of Normal Schools in West Virginia should be reduced." Denver C. Pickens gave as an oration "Should Prohibition be a National Issue," and Clyde O. Law discussed "The Philosophy of Reform." Miss Louise Lanham on essay, read a paper on the "American Juggernaut," and Mr. David E. Dick on, "Our Rank." On reading, Miss Beatrice Fitzwater gave a denunciation scene from the "Lion and Mouse," and Miss Maude Barnes "Michael Strogoff."

Mr. Richard Aspinall, Frank E. Arnett and Leslie Brooks have presided over the society's destinies during the present year of '09-'10. The special program was held on February twenty-eighth. Sidney R. Gould and Frank E. Arnett debated the question "Resolved that Trusts and Monopolies are a positive Injury to the People Financially." As oration Hubert N. Ward gave "The Need of Reform in Our Country," and Leslie Brooks "The New Eldorado." The Essays were by Miss Evelyn Fitzgerald on "Experience" and Miss Louis Brooks "The Price of Success." Miss Irene Jackson represented the society by reading "The Lost Word," and Miss Amy Hall "The Boy."

Chrestomathean Roll

Arnett	Miss Fitzwater	Miss Munson	Miss Watson
Aspinall	Miss Gay	O'Brien	Miss Mays
Blair	Groves	Pickens	Miss Weber
Brooks	Gould	Pierce	Miss Lowe
Brooke	Maida Hall	Miss Porter	Eugenia Young
Tregallis	F. C. Post	Miss Feather	Mr. Ziekafoose
Trippett	Amy Hall	Addie Post	O. P. Hill
Lewis	Hanifan	Miss Riley	Ralph Roberts
Compton	Hardman	Miss Roberts	Edna Walls
McWhorter	Hayward	Paul Roberts	Beatrice Walls
Ward	Stalnaker	Miss Savage	Ridenour
Warner	Knotts	Miss Scott	Carrie Post
John Curry	Cather	Miss Barnes	N. L. Lowther
Miss Davies	Clark	Stansbury	Miss Hedges
Miss Deck	Van Dyne	Miss Stemple	A. B. Lowther
Maynard Downes	Crites	Miss Summerville	Hedges
Jean Downes	Crouch	Miss Stump	Heffner
Engle	Miller	Miss Horner	Miss Hays
Brake	Edward Curry	Miss Jackson	Hall
Miss Fitzgerald	Morgan	Miss Lanham	

ORATORY AND DEBATE



Oratorical Association

Officers.

PresidentW. H. Hartley
Vice PresidentRobert Clark
SecretaryH. N. Ward
TreasurerLeslie Brooks

Debating Teams.

Affirmative
Leslie Brooks
John Lovett

Negative
Richard Aspinall
William Hartley

Scio.
C. W. Chenoweth
John Lovett

Wesleyan's Debating Record

We have met Marietta at Buckhannon once and defeated her once.
We have met Marietta at Marietta once and defeated her once.
We have met Bethany at Buckhannon once and defeated her once.



Oratory and Debate in Wesleyan

In the early days of the Seminary, the forerunner of the college, few organizations were effected in the school. As we grew older there came a need for organizations, till there were the Literary Societies, Christian Associations, Athletic Association and other organizations that were necessary for furthering educational advantages.

Early in the winter of '09 another need was seen, and as a result, on January 23, 1909, several of the men of the school of expression and those who were interested in debating and oratorical contests met in the general office of the college for the purpose of organizing an association whereby we might have some means of developing our oratorical powers, and in time compete with other colleges.

President Doney was chosen temporary chairman of the first meeting until a permanent organization was effected. Miss Parsons, Dr. Doney and Profs. Haggerty and James were present and expressed themselves as being in sympathy with the proposed plans.

The permanent organization resulted in the election of Floyd Hanifan as Pres., W. H. Hartley, Vice Pres., S. R. Gould, Sec. and H. L. Smith, Treas., under whose management began the career of the oratorical association. A constitution was soon adopted and plans were made for an inter-collegiate contest.

Marietta accepted our challenge and the first contest took place at Wesleyan on March eighth. In this contest Wesleyan was represented by Richard Aspinall and C. W. Chenoweth, meeting W. W. Dollison and H. G. Meister of

Marietta. The question was, "Resolved, that the Right of Suffrage should be limited to those who can read and write." Wesleyan upheld the affirmative and won by a unanimous decision of the judges.

During the fall of '09 a triangular debating contest was arranged for with Marietta and Bethany Colleges, on the question, "Resolved, that the government of the United States should own and control the Telephone and Telegraph Systems." A preliminary "try out" was held early in the winter term, choosing four debaters to defend Wesleyan. Leslie Brooks and J. K. Lovett were chosen to uphold the affirmative at Marietta, while Richard Aspinall and W. H. Hartley were chosen to remain at home and support the negative against Bethany.

The contest was held on March fifteenth, which is now held as a great day for Wesleyan, for on that evening the affirmatives won a unanimous decision, and the negatives won a two to one decision. As evidence of the high college spirit and enthusiasm existing on that evening, the faculty immediately declared the following day a holiday, which was taken up in parades, receptions and a general celebration of the great victory.

Before the Murrhumontis is in the hands of its readers Wesleyan will have met and defeated (?) Scio College in a contest to be held sometime in May. The Oratorical Association has made a grand beginning and as long as such spirit animates the members and the students of Wesleyan there need be no fear for its future.



ATHLETICS

WESLEYAN, RAH!!



Athletic Association

1909 and 1910.

Blair W. Roberts, President.

Louise Lanham, Secretary.

H. A. Stansbury, Vice President.

Thomas W. Haught, Treasurer.

Ernest Stutzman, Keeper of Archives.

Directors.

Denver C. Pickens, Senior.

John Kellison

William H. Hartley, Junior.

Fred Stansbury } Academic.

Richard Aspinall, Sophomore.

Paul Roberts } Academic.

Hubert N. Ward, Freshman.

Orne L. Post, Alumni.

O. Kerr Price, Football Coach.

Managers.

H. A. Stansbury, Football 1909.

Fred Stansbury, Baseball 1910.

Leslie Brooks, Football 1910.

H. A. Stansbury, Track 1909.

Burrell Long, Baseball 1909.

John K. Lovett, Track 1910.

Captains.

Fred Stansbury, Football 1909.

John S. Kellison, Football 1910.

Tecce Pifer, Baseball 1909 and 1910.

Athletic Sports in Wesleyan

By Harry Adams Stansbury.

In Athletics we have been advancing until at the present time, although we do not lead, we stand among the first Colleges in this section of the United States in the matter of clean athletics and in that we are seriously to be reckoned with in the contests in which we engage with our rivals. Though other schools have much larger student bodies, our momentum bids fair to endure till we are not only among the first but in the front rank leading all the rest.

The standard of Wesleyan's athletics has always been high, but just now we have reached a stage where there is little room for improvement in the class of games scheduled or in the elimination of undesirable features. Professionals are no longer tolerated as they once were and as they still are at schools of supposedly high standards in athletics. Athletic relations have been discontinued with Athletic Clubs and with those Colleges which do not maintain even a decent standard of sport.

Our schedules are representative. The baseball schedule which appears in this department shows the wide range of our prestige. Never before have we had such a collection of games and these games are with schools which if Wesleyan comes to the scratch and her athletes do what they are capable of doing will be a

mighty step toward that athletic paradise for which all colleges are striving.

Why heretofore has Wesleyan not excelled? The answer is plain to a strict observer of athletic conditions and of the undercurrents that in great measure regulate athletic standings. Spirit is the prerequisite of any college athletic team. I hope our worthy rivals at Marshall College will pardon me if I dwell a little on one of their weaknesses for the purpose of illustration. Marshall has twelve hundred students; nearly four times as many as we have, still we defeated them by a large score last season in football. What is the reason for this? A lack of spirit on the part of the student body and the lack of a man or group of men with interest enough to take hold of things and make them go. A lack of men with the faith and ability enough to get into good standing with colleges worth while. This, also, is the thing we seek for when we try to find the reason Wesleyan delayed so long in getting into permanent athletic relations with colleges of real worth and athletic standing. We would hardly dare accuse our student body of a lack of spirit. We are notorious on account of having so much. Still time was when it was not so and a part of our student body is still infected. However, we are glad to say that

there is an element that seeks advancement and this element is in the majority and is making Wesleyan take her place among the leaders.

An uninitiated person might sometimes think that debating was about to take the place of athletics as a means of collegiate intercourse in Wesleyan, but to the writer, though his view may be somewhat biased, it seems that if those in authority would lay as much stress on athletic contests as on debating contests and by their position would encourage one as fairly and as enthusiastically as the other that there would be no question as to the supremacy of athletics. But be that as it may the present year will close leaving athletics in Wesleyan College in far better condition than ever before.

Our football team last fall, as set forth a few pages further on, was more nearly a credit to the college than ever before, and, to one viewing the coming season from the writer's position, it seems that great improvement over last season's record is inevitable. In baseball the present season has shown great advancement. The

schedule is hailed by many as "out of the question," yet we feel that the present advancement of Wesleyan's athletic strength and standing is due more to the higher standard of games scheduled than to any other one thing. We need not speak of track work and basketball, for all know that their improvement has been coordinate with that of Wesleyan's major sports.

We feel that a great future is before Wesleyan in the field of athletic sports, and we feel that Wesleyan, to be true to her spirit and her heritage, must measure up to her opportunities.

As this article is being written an all-important step is being taken,—the combining of an athletic coach and Y. M. C. A. secretary. This step added to the high standard of schedules maintained should at once bring us to the place where a gymnasium as well as a student manager are not only necessities, but possibilities, yes, actual realities. Let us hope that Wesleyan's athletic standard and advancement will continue to improve.



FOOTBALL



'Varsity Line Up, Season 1909

Coach—O. Kerr Price.

Manager—H. Adams Stansbury.

Captain—Fred Stansbury.

L. E.—H. Stansbury.

L. T.—Root.

L. G.—Curry, Ed.

C.—Long.

R. G.—Brooks.

R. T.—Kellison.

R. E.—Max Toomb and Arnett.

L. H.—Rex Toomb.

R. H.—Calloway.

Q.—Fred Stansbury.

F. B.—Van Dyne.

Substitutes.

Smith, H. L.

Young.

Curry, John.

Gillispie.



Photo by Clark

Football Season 1909

The football season of 1909, has been, in many respects, the most successful Wesleyan has yet experienced. Of eight regular games played we lost only two, and these were to teams entirely out of our class, while the result of games played with teams representing the strongest football schools within the state gives us second place among West Virginia schools. This showing seems even more remarkable when we consider the fact that our schedule was one of the hardest ever attempted by a Wesleyan team, being composed of schools that include some of the best football schools of Pennsylvania and Ohio in their schedules.

To one who has played through both seasons, the following facts seem to account for the great success of the year as compared with the season of 1908.

In the first place, by the return of O. Kerr Price we secured a coach who, in addition to his knowledge of the game and coaching ability was thoroughly conversant with conditions here, and as the team was mainly made up of the former season's players, with each man's ability, thus the team at the beginning of the season, started at practically the same point at which the season of 1908 ended. In the second place, the most rigid train-

ing rules were religiously observed, and the result was that the team was in the best of condition physically, during the entire season, and no player suffered serious enough injury to keep him from practice more than a day or two. "Time out" was called by our team in only two games last season; in fact, we met no team that excelled ours in endurance. The first half of the O. U. game was the fastest ever played on our grounds, as time was not called by either side during the half.

Again, our scrub team last year was the best in history, comparing favorably with the varsity of some previous years. In the Seio game the line up in the last half was composed of practically all reserves, and yet we scored more points than were made in the first half with the regulars in the line-up. To the splendid spirit shown by the second team, the success gained last season is in no small measure due, and many of these players will doubtless be found in the regular line-up during the coming season.

In the next place, the regular team was characterized by a fighting, never say die, spirit, the Old Yale spirit that "never quits till the whistle blows," and never did a Wesleyan team more splendidly exemplify this than in the two losing games played last season. In the Marietta game, after the Ohioans had made a touchdown in the

first minute and a half of play, nineteen minutes of as hard football as was ever witnessed on those grounds passed before the Orange and Black goal line was again crossed, although the average weight of the Marietta team was fifteen pounds greater than was that of our team. In the game with W. V. U., only half as many points were scored by the University team in the last half as in the first, although the "Old Gold and Blue" was playing in the finest form they had shown during the season.

Last, but not least, the spirit shown by the entire school, and the support given the team by every student, has been perhaps the most potent factor in the success gained on the gridiron in 1909. No school can have a good football team regardless of the material and training which go to make the team unless students and faculty unite in giving their heartiest support in every way possible, as no player can put forth the very best that is in him for his school unless he feels that the school is with him in his efforts. Never has college spirit been higher in Wesleyan, and never has a team received better support than did ours last Fall. The trainload of students that accompanied the team to Morgantown, and cheered their team through a losing game, opened the eyes of the people of the state to the fact that in loyalty and college spirit the student body of Wesleyan is unexcelled.

From the success of the last season, and the prospects for the next the football season of 1910 cannot but be the best yet. The schedule for next Fall is even harder than that of 1909, but with the prospects we now have in the line of coaching and material, as well as financially, it is safe prophecy that the name of Wesleyan will be even higher at the end of the next season, as a football school, than now.

Football Record, Season of 1909.

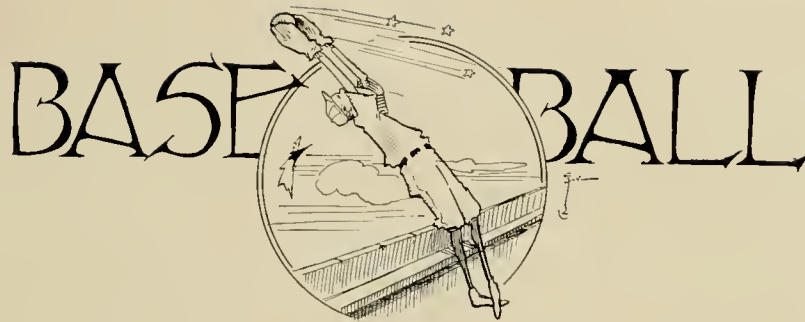
Wesleyan	11	Ohio University .	0
Wesleya	110	Seio College . . .	0
Wesleyan	0	Marietta	26
Wesleyan	25	Marshall	6
Wesleyan	6	Bethany	0
Wesleyan	38	Glenville Normal	0
Wesleyan	0	W. V. U.	49
Wesleyan	26	Alumni	5



Photo by Clark



Photo by Mac Avoy



Varsity Line-Up, Season 1909

Manager—Burrell Long.

Captain—Tee L. Pifer.

Third Base—Pifer (C).

Second Base—Arnett.

Left Field—Fred Stansbury.

First Base—Lanham.

Right Field—Van Dyne.

Short Stop—Orne Post.

Catchers—Long and Sharps.

Pitchers—H. Stansbury and Leland Post.

Substitutes—Pickens and Blake.



Season 1910

Manager—Fred Stansbury.

Captain—Tece L. Pifer.

OUTLOOK

Compared with previous seasons and schedules the baseball outlook for 1910 is very encouraging. As this article is being written more men are working daily in the athletic field than ever before in the history of the college. From the amount of energy with which the management has labored, and the amount of enthusiasm the players

are manifesting, it seems that 1910 must be Wesleyan's banner baseball year. When this volume appears the season will be history. Even though all the games may not have been won, we are sure that Wesleyan's showing against the hardest schedule she has ever attempted will be creditable indeed. Manager Stansbury has arranged the following schedule:

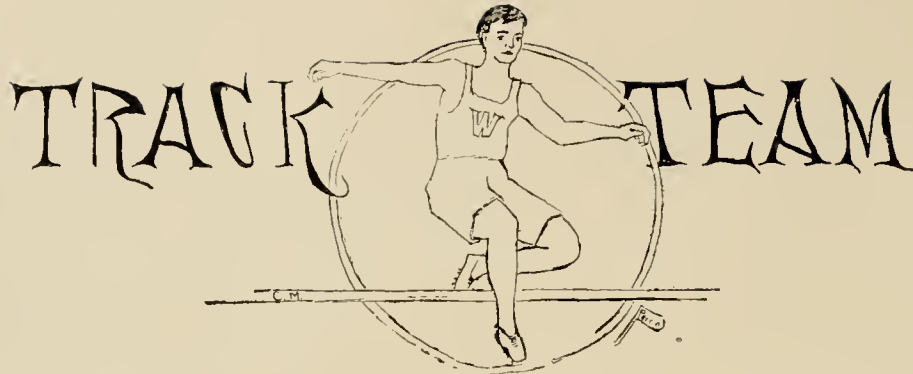
SCHEDULE

AT HOME.

April 18 and 19, Bethany College.
April 29 and 30, Marietta College.
May 3, Marshall College.
May 13 and 14, Ohio Wesleyan (Probable).
May 18 and 19, Muskingum College.
May 23, Otterbein University (Probable).
June 8, Hiram College.
June 13 and 14, Ohio Northern University.

ABROAD.

May 4, Lafayette at West Lafayette.
May 5, Scio College at Scio.
May 6, Muskingum College at New Concord.
May 7, Otterbein University at Westerville.
May 9, Ohio Wesleyan at Delaware.
May 10, Ohio University at Athens.
May 27, West Virginia University at Morgantown.
May 28, Grove City College at Grove City.
May 30, Westminster College at New Wilmington.
May 31, Pittsburg College at Pittsburg.
June 1, Washington and Jefferson College, at Washington.



Track athletics in Wesleyan are comparatively new but in a short time they have taken a prominent place in the out-door activities of the school. Away back in the days of the "old Sem", a field day or two was held, but nothing was done in interscholastic track work and this important phase of athletics was again neglected until the year of 1908.

In that year a college field day was held only a short time before commencement. It was a distinct success from both a financial and an athletic standpoint, and it paved the way for future work along this line. Much of the success of this first year was due to the efforts of the manager, Mr. Fred Van Voorhis, himself a track athlete of no mean ability.

Last year (1909) Mr. Harry A. Stansbury was made track manager, and the date was fixed at about the first of May, it being the intention to enter the world of inter-collegiate track athletics and compete with some other

schools. The "field day", as it had formerly been called, now became known as the "try-out" and emphasis was placed upon the meets to be held with other institutions.

In accordance with this idea, the manager eliminated some events of a purely burlesque character, savoring more of a Fourth of July celebration than an athletic contest, and confined the entries to the regular events usually scheduled. One exception was the five-mile run, or Baby Marathon, which attracted considerable attention.

In the local "try-out," six men were the winners of first place in the various events and these became our track team for 1909. They were each presented with a gold medal presented by some business man of the town. The only meet held was that with the team representing Fairmont State Normal School on May 31. Wesleyan was the winner by a score of 49 to 47, winning seven of the twelve events. The members of the team and the events in which they took part were as follows: George Van

Dyne, captain, 440 and 880 yard dash; Ward Lanham, 50 and 100-yard dashes, 120 yard hurdle, running broad jump and running high jump; John S. Kellison, shot put and hammer throw; Harry Stansbury, pole vault; and Hubert N. Ward, one-mile run.

Wesleyan also had the distinction the same year of being represented at the University of Pittsburg meet in

manager. The try-out is to be held on April 23. Much greater interest is being manifested than ever before, and track athletics bid fair to occupy a place almost as prominent as baseball and football. They do not require any very costly uniform or equipment, and in preparation, hard work and consistent training count for much, so that they are especially attractive to many students. In the constitution of the Athletic Association, they have



Photo by Clark

that city. Ward Lanham, winner of the dashes in the home meet and in the one with Fairmont, was entered there in one of the dashes and came in fifth, winning over the representatives of every school represented excepting Carnegie Technical School.

For the season of 1910, John K. Lovett was appointed

been recognized by the awarding of a track "W", somewhat similar to those given in baseball and football. The requirements for securing the track "W" are that the candidate shall have won some event in an intercollegiate meet. The sweater is orange with a black "W C." in monogram.

BASKE T BA LL



That basketball should be an important game has been demonstrated, when, this year, a large college of the East abandoned a number of its athletic games and retained basketball.

Wesleyan, keenly alive to all things that mean progression, has taken a stand for physical exercise for girls. In September '09 fifteen girls came out for basketball practice and although the inclemency of the weather made systematic practice impossible, much good material developed, and the team played clean, swift basketball.

As in any physical work for girls, promoters of basketball find serious prejudices to overcome. Opponents contend that it is too rough, that the thirst for victory is put above character and that the basketball field is a place for men only.

It is gratifying to note that many of our foremost educators of the day, both men and women, have taken the affirmative side of the question and lent their voices to the



Photo by
Clark

ery, "Let the young women of our schools have an equal chance with the men."

The experience of the past years seems to prove conclusively that the girls' teams do not violate the rules and that they play with true sportsmanlike spirit, when, often, the men do not.

If the players will come to realize that they are not enemies; that it is not war, that it is sport; they will find in basketball, as in any other contest, a splendid auxiliary to the building of character.

D
C
W
A





Y. W. C. A. Cabinet

Photo by Mac Avoy

Young Women's Christian Association

1909—1910.

“Not by might nor by power, but by my spirit saith
the Lord of Hosts.”

Officers.

President	Mamie Young	Secretary	Esther Haught
Vice President	Phyllis Perrin	Treasurer	Virginia Mays

Chairmen of Committees.

Membership	Phyllis Perrin	Mission Study	Helen Raine
Finance	Virginia Mays	Intercollegiate	Rachel Bee
Religious Meetings	Derry B. Perrine	Social	Daisy Hardman
Bible Study	Irene Jackson	Nominating	Bertie Backus
Conference	Mabel Wilson		

The King's Daughters Circles



Hand-in-Hand Circle.

Bertie Backus, President
Rachel Bee
Mary Bertha
Frank Chalfant
Grace Harris
Ada Sharp
Lillian Wooddell



Whatsoever Circle.

Mabel Wilson, President
Lona Law
Addie Post
Augusta Hanlin
Louise Lanham
Mamie Young
Maude Rider
Goldie Beahler
Dora Weber
Elizabeth Stemple
Lalah Scott
Emma Savage
Jessie Crane
Luey Dawson
Rita Somerville
Carrie Post
Estelle Rogers



Sunbeam Circle.

Belva Riley, President
Mazie Powers
Elizabeth Hartly
Priscilla Adams
Bertha Bonar
Frances Bonar
Fannie Smith
Carrie Gatts
Ora Lewis
Audrey Cummings
Phyllis Perrin
Myrtle Cozzens



Young Women's Christian Association

The progress made by the Young Women's Christian Association in the past year has been both rapid and permanent. The association is coming more and more to be the center of all religious and social activities of the school.

The work of each department has been carried on with great zeal. Several new phases of the work have been introduced and are proving very successful. The intercollegiate committee has started a library for the girls and through their efforts many volumes have been secured. This committee has also kept us in touch with other associations of the State, through their correspondence.

A fund has been started for the purpose of loaning money to conference delegates; the money to be returned, without interest within three years after the student leaves school, thus making the fund permanent.

A plan for systematic giving has been introduced by which each member pays five cents a week. Then members have taken loyal hold of the plan and the treasurer finds no difficulty in meeting all the bills.

The work of the Bible and Mission classes deserves especial attention. A three years' course in Bible study is offered to the young women; efficient teachers have been secured and the enrollment has been encouraging. Three classes have been engaged in mission study; we have been very fortunate in securing Mrs. Core, a returned missionary, as teacher of a class on India.

The weekly devotional meetings have been well attended; a series of subjects relating to college life have proved very interesting. The cabinet meets each week for prayer and consultation. As we look back upon the past year we truly have reasons for thanksgiving but there are yet many and greater things to be accomplished. True to our motto, "Not by might nor by power, but by my spirit saith the Lord of Hosts," we shall be able to do all things.

Y. W. C. A. Roll

Barnes, Kathryn
Barnes, Ina
Backus, Bertie
Beahler, Goldie
Bee, Rachel
Billingsley, Mrs. Elizabeth
Bonar, Bertha
Bonar, Frances
Boylen, Mary
Brake, Laura
Brooks, Lois
Chalfant, Frank
Clemens, Margaret
Cozzens, Myrtle
Crane, Jessie
Cummings, Audrey
Davies, Gertrude
Deek, Mrs. J. J.
Doney, Mrs. C. G.
Downes, Maynard
Downes, Jean
Dorsey, Myrtle

Dawson, Lucy
Eckess, Daisy
Fearer, Hazel
Feather, Mabel
Ferguson, Ruth
Fitzgerald, Evelyn
Fitzwater, Beatrice
Hanlin, Augusta
Hardman, Daisy
Harris, Grace
Hartley, Elizabeth
Hathaway, Maude
Haught, Mrs. T. W.
Haught, Esther
Heffin, Lena
Hilleary, Lueile
Horner, Genevieve
Hoskins, Bertha
Jackson, Irene
Kellar, Daisy
Lanham, Louise
Leggett, Benlah

Law, Lona
Lewis, Ora
Marple, Grace
Mays, Virginia
Milburn, Mrs. Page
Moore, Fannie
Parsons, Editha
Paulsen, Mrs. Helen
Perrine, Derry
Perrine, Glenna
Perrin, Phyllis
Porter, Theodora
Post, Addie
Post, Carrie
Powers, Mazie
Precious, Dahlia
Proudfoot, Florence
Rider, Maude
Riley, Belva
Roberts, Hazel
Roberts, Mrs. B. W.

Robinson, Mary
Rogers, Estelle
Savage, Emma
Scott, Lalah
Sharp, Ada
Sine, Enlalia
Smith, Fannie
Somerville, Rita
Spees, Louisa
Stemple, Elizabeth
Sutton, Audra
Teets, Emma
Walls, Beatrice
Wilson, Mabel
Withers, Ada
Wolf, Carrie
Wolf, Zelma
Wooddell, Lillian
Wyman, Grace
Young, Mamie
Young, Marguerite





Y. M. C. A. Cabinet

Photo by MacAvoy

Young Men's Christian Association

"Christo Et Ecclesiae"

Officers.

President C. W. Chenoweth Secretary S. Ross Gould
Vice President Richard Aspinall Treasurer Charles C. Reed
Advisor Professor G. W. Broyles

Cabinet.

Religious Committee..... Charles C. Reed, Chairman Social Committee Richard Aspinall, Chairman
Bible Study W. H. Hartley, Chairman Lecture Course..... I. L. Warner, Chairman
Mission Study Robert Clark, Chairman Conference Fund B. T. Trevey, Chairman

Summer Conference Gleanings

Truth is the arrow; man is the bow-string.—J. M. McDonald.

Freedom and rationality are two names for the same thing, and their highest development is the end of human life.—Prof. Butler of Columbia.

We are not here to make a living, but to make a life.—G. D. Alden.

An educated man is one who is onto his job.—G. L. McNutt.

You can never sow your own field full without throwing some over the edge.—Bishop McDowell.

We must have a better activity between our activity and our time alone with God.—John R. Mott.

Most people are living only in the upper layers of their life.—John Douglas Adam.

Jesus Christ lifts the mortgage of our past.—John Douglas Adam.

Never let your desire for wealth exceed your desire to do good.—G. D. Alden.

The Y. M. C. A. Library

Apace with the advancement with the several organizations of Wesleyan is the progress of the Young Men's Christian Association. A very conspicuous insignia of this is the adjunct of a long felt need.—a library.

This was made possible by the publishing of a College Calendar, and the hearty co-operation of the students and alumni. The calendar, although an experiment, proved a gratifying success and assured an annual edition.

The function of the library is to afford a ready reference for the Bible and Mission classes as well as choice reading for the student body. There are now about one hundred volumes secured and a number of others have been contributed. It is to be hoped that many will see the advisability of such donations and will assist in the effort to mould the lives of our youths for future citizenship.

The Bible and Mission students are now enabled to study more widely and increased interest in this phase of the work is manifest.

Y. M. C. A. Work

Truly it can be said that the Young Men's Christian Association of Wesleyan is more and more each year accomplishing its purpose as expressed in its object, "to deepen the spiritual life of its members and promote Christian fellowship among them, and to lead students to devote their lives to Jesus Christ." The Association is stronger today than it has ever been before,—stronger both spiritually and financially. And most gladly do those who love Wesleyan and her traditions watch the growth and progress of this most important phase of college life.

To a young man entering Wesleyan College the Y. M. C. A. extends a most cordial welcome, and its influence during the school life of that young man is ever toward the pure, the clean, the Christ-life. The education sought

and obtained at Wesleyan is many sided,—mental, moral, spiritual and physical. With this end in view, the aim of the Association here in school is to get hold of a young man and, along with other knowledge he is obtaining, turn him out a strong, clean Christian, and a man who can be relied upon to do the work of Jesus Christ wherever he may be during his life time.

This our Christian Association is accomplishing. It is a noble work and an inspiration to other factors of college life. We pray that in the future years, as our school expands and grows, the influence and power of the Young Men's Christian Association may also be increased, and that through it, every student who comes to Wesleyan may be led into the broader and more complete life, found in the channels of Y. M. C. A. work which teaches alike the cultivation of SPIRIT, MIND and BODY.

Y. M. C. A. Lecture Course

Committee Chairman,

Ira L. Warner.

Committee,

H. L. Smith

Prof. Thomas W. Haught

E. G. Coffman

C. W. Chenoweth

Attractions.

Gov. Joseph W. Folk,

Leland T. Powers,

Alton Packard,

The Whitney Brothers,

Edward T. Hagerman,

Judge Ben. B. Lindsey.

The lecture course is one of the most prominent features of the Y. M. C. A., and is, financially, the most successful of all the student enterprises.

Originally, it was a private affair directed by members of the faculty; but it was turned over several years ago into the hands of the students and since that time it has been under the auspices of the Y. M. C. A.

Until within the last six years the course was unable to pay expenses. But since that time it has gradually grown stronger until now it is the strongest one in the

State. The course this year was by far the strongest we have ever had. Yet in spite of the fact that it cost over \$200 more than any previous one, we had at the end of the year the usual amount of clear money.

The patronage of the course was almost doubled this year, thus making it possible for the new committee to very materially strengthen the one for next year.

The students and citizens of Buckhannon have a just right to be proud of the course their loyal patronage has established.



PUBLICATIONS

"MURMUR- MONTIS"



"WOODMAN,
SPARE THAT
TREE"

THE "BORED"

<i>Herbert L. Smith</i>	Editor-in-Chief
<i>Robert Clark</i>	Business Mgr
<i>Saul M. Smith</i>	{Asst Editor-in- Chief and Athletics
<i>Mamie Jane Manella</i>	Elocution
<i>Grace Tamblin</i>	Music
<i>Dever C. Pickens</i>	{Asst Bus Mgr and Photography
<i>Maynard Downes</i>	Literature
<i>Phyllis Ferrin</i>	Art



GRACE TAMBLIN



PAUL W. SMITH



MAYNARD DOWNES



HERBERT L. SMITH



ROBERT CLARK



O. PHYLLIS PERRIN



DENVER C. FICKENS



WINNIE J. MERRELLS

Editorial

All great schools have their foils and foibles, else they would not be great schools.

Surveying that sentence critically, it seems entirely bromidic and absolutely unnecessary. Still one must start an editorial by saying something, unless, perchance, one happens to be a "*litterateur*," when the inevitable custom is to start by saying nothing.

However this is not a literary compendium. It is an editorial that is to be cluttered with and hampered by facts. Wherefore, having elucidated this matter, let us proceed in a dignified and scholarly way.

This is the page that members of the MURMURMONTIS Board usually use in explanations, apologies, confessions, and other borrowed rhetoric. We have no such intentions. We merely wish to set forth for your enlightenment and understanding a few facts.

There has been no volume of MURMURMONTIS published since the 1908 volume. During the three years that have passed since its publication, Wesleyan College has taken more rapid strides in advancement than at any time in her previous history. Knowing the high standard of the preceding volumes of this publication, and knowing also that the higher standard of real college life, the keener sense of real college spirit, and the larger vision of real college men and women embraced in Wesleyan's rapid and permanent advancement demanded the publica-

tion of the best volume of our College Annual yet published, we have endeavored to surpass all former editions.

Whether we have succeeded or failed, at this time we do not know. We have done our best, and it is before you. Here the thanks of the Board are due to Student Body and to Faculty for their loyal support, and to all who in any way have aided us. We have been exceedingly fortunate in that this publication has been the venture of the combined college classes. We owe to the four college classes especially our appreciation of their material aid. We are sorry that everything that has been handed in could not be published. But we have tried to make this a book representative not of one class or kind, but of the whole of Wesleyan College. We have tried to publish a clean wholesome book, a book that will be acceptable to faculty, student body, and friends of the school.

We hope that this volume of MURMURMONTIS will "pay out" financially. If it does not, you will be stung. If it does, you will be stung, for with what is left over of our money we will take a vacation and have a big time, or on more mature reflection, we will buy "dope" to keep us from falling asleep while we burn the midnight oil in an attempt to "catch up" with our classes and pass our final exams.

Sincerely,
The "Bored".



PHAROS

The Pharos

Founded 1900 as the Seminary Collegiate.

Changed to the Pharos September 1904.

Taken into the management of the Student Body 1905.

Published Monthly during the College Year.

Board of Editors.

Ira L. Warner, '10.....Editor-in-Chief William H. Hartley, '11.....Business Manager

Associate Editors.

E. G. Coffman, Acad.....Ass't. Editor-in-Chief Amy Hall, '12.....Chrestomathean Society
Paul Roberts, Acad.....Ass't. Business Manager Paul M. Smith, '12.....Y. M. C. A.
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F. D. Hall, Com.....Athletics H. N. Ward, '13.....Locals
Maida Hall, '12.....Exchange Mabel Feather, Acad.....Locals (Woman's Hall)
Bertie Backus, '11.....Excelsior Society Dr. Page Milburn, Faculty.....Book Review

Things of Interest

The Specials

The week beginning will be an unusually busy one for the societies. It will begin with Jud Lindsey's famous lecture will come the "try outs" of orators, and the special will end the week.

old, traditional, he spring. A number of fact that generously ded. The list of books which been secured:

The specials are of an old-time annual contest, which in the years rendered the hostile to each other. tom by. How to Study Life: Motives. ter-colleg. Regam. until a lar. The C. has been

if we had the contests work in the societies it would create. The performers represent talent and efforts of students and all be of

Album

list of books which been secured: Order: Senses of namic Factors in e Play of Animals; dan; Education by Proh. Was. How to Study Life: Motives. ter-colleg. Regam. until a lar. The C. has been

Human Nature Order: Senses of namic Factors in e Play of Animals; dan; Education by Proh. Was. How to Study Life: Motives. ter-colleg. Regam. until a lar. The C. has been



Teaching Children to Study. B. F. Williamson Memorial Library. Modern Methods for Teaching. Some Living Things: A Guide to Reading: Psychology and the Teacher.

Professor King

Wesleyan is soon to receive a very valuable addition to its library. Prof. C. H. King has given a number of volumes worth nearly \$10,000. After his resignation from Wesleyan College, B. F. Williamson was one of the prominent members of the Faculty of the Wesleyan University. He was a member of the American Philosophical Association and the American Psychological Association. He was also a member of the American Association of University Professors. He was a member of the American Association of University Professors. He was a member of the American Association of University Professors.

After his resignation from Wesleyan University, he spent a year in Palo Alto, California, where he was a member of the faculty of the University of California. He was a member of the American Philosophical Association and the American Psychological Association. He was also a member of the American Association of University Professors. He was a member of the American Association of University Professors. He was a member of the American Association of University Professors.

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The Pharos

Editorial.

Since the publication of the last annual, the Pharos has undergone important changes. Originally, the paper was a private enterprise and was in no way responsible to the student body for its successes or failures. Although it was very successful under this regime—having had such men as “Deacon,” “Jake” and “Roy” for its controlling editors—it was hampered from a lack of interest and co-operation on the part of the students. For this reason, a change seemed desirable. Consequently the paper was bought from the managing editors by the student body and, since that time, has been directly dependent upon them for its successes and subject to their control.

The change has had, in a measure, the desired effect. There has been a slow but certain increase of interest among the students in the welfare of the paper. The paper has improved in proportion to this increase of in-

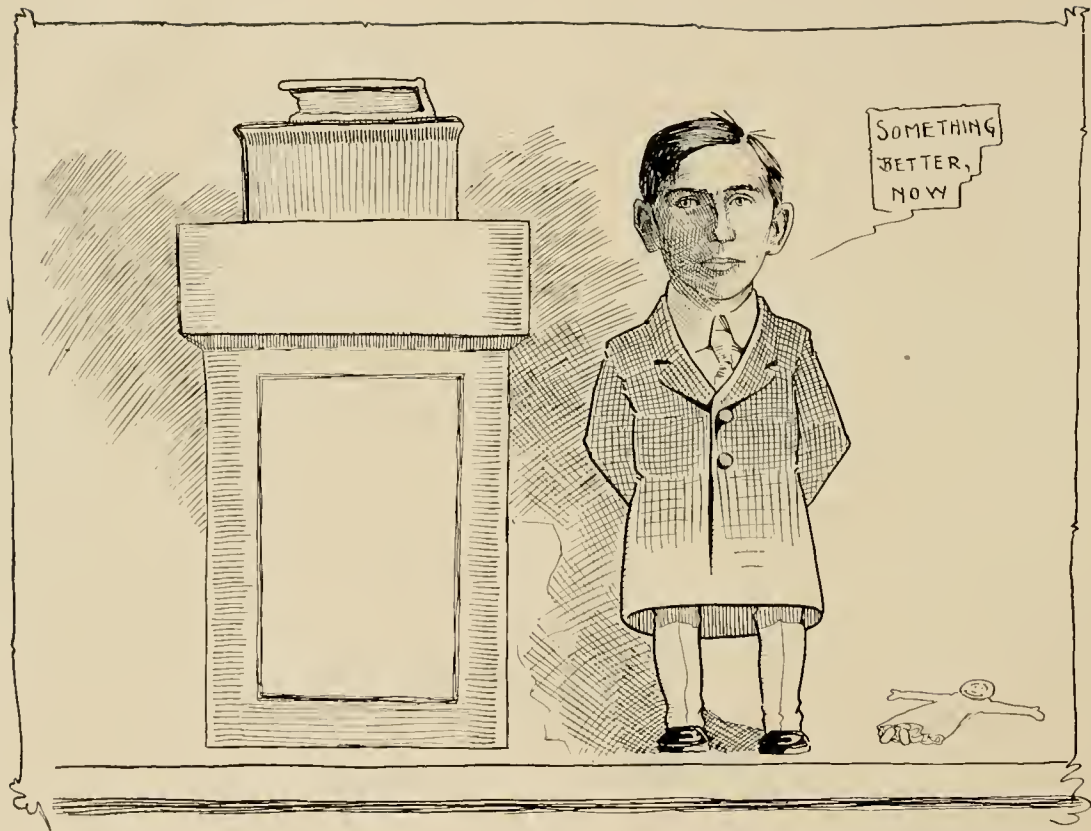
terest. It has been enlarged; better material is being used; and a higher standard of literary worth has been reached. But yet the condition is very far indeed from being ideal. Actually less than one-half of the students are subscribers to the paper and not more than one-tenth of them ever contribute even so much as a joke! Verily there is room for improvement yet. There has been more or less complaint throughout the year because we have not published more fiction. Clearly, we cannot publish what has not been written. In this one respect—and this one only—we are inferior to a majority of the college papers. This deficiency does not seem to be due to any lack of ability but rather to a lack of interest, a kind of Rip Van Winkle lethargy. We have hoped to overcome this by offering prizes; but, alas, nothing less than a San Francisco earthquake will suffice.

No feature of student work can so quickly win honor for the student body or bring them into discredit as can their publications. In a dozen different ways, they betray the ideals of the school; its moral life; its standards of education and efficiency; and its interpretation of the meaning of existence. Hence, a paper, to be of value to a college, should be the representative of the truest and noblest principles for which the school stands. It should assiduously avoid giving expression to anything that would in any way injure any individual of the school or the school as a whole either at home or abroad. Nothing but the very best the students can produce should appear in its pages; it should contain the best or nothing. These have been the ideals of the present editors. How nearly

we have attained them or how far we have fallen short of them is for you to decide. We hope, however, that our efforts have not been in vain and that we have succeeded in continuing the steady growth and improvement the paper has had from its beginning.

By the time this reaches its readers our work as editors will be practically finished. We wish to thank you—contributors, subscribers and all—for your hearty co-operation in the work. Whatever success has been achieved is due very largely to your interest and assistance. If the succeeding editors are treated as kindly as the present ones have been, the future of the *Pharos* is assured.





SOMETHING
BETTER,
NOW



BELLES
LETTRES

“West Virginia Wesleyan”

The words and music of this song were composed and arranged by Professor James J. Deek for “Murmur-montis 1910.” The song is here published for the first time, and is affectionately presented to West Virginia Wesleyan College.

3 7 9. *To the Wesleyan* James J. Scott

High on a distant hill, in a rock building stands, the mass of rugged walls

So, we see one wall in distant lands, we see signs on Ben Puller from

of its highest wall the storm winds to, but if they blow full force, a

2

Forth a once almighty this work the Master blessed,
 The storm wind stays its fury by greater power oppressed.
 The noblest of all mansions, the blessed they future away,
 Then shall not sink or crumble in the judgment day
 And so have many castles been built by other hands,
 But when in pride they towered, to day a ruin stands.

well, we see signs on Ben Puller from

ours: all; they put some more

at the ocean's wave-lead line.

3.

Of all the noble castles this one alone remains
 As day by day the sunlight moves over hills and plains
 Its base is river granite, its walls are rocky walls,
 Its battlements are mountains, storm to an undant
 Truth is our mighty base, our sword and shield
 And thus the shout triumphant: "Our work done by us!"

The Making of the First Murmurmontis

By Charles A. Jones, Editor-in-Chief, '04.

The publication of this 1910 "Murmurmontis" by the editorial staff of the West Virginia Wesleyan College, with the united support of the entire student body, and the further sense of "things accomplished, things to excel", bears little relation to the days when the very name of the book had not been thought of and the fact that such a book could be issued was in itself a matter of grave doubt.

Somewhere back in my prep days in Buckhannon, the lamented A. Lee Post, who then instilled into us the rudiments of Reed & Kellogg's Grammar, called attention one day to the statement in a prominent magazine that West Virginians stood second only to the Swiss in undauntedness. Presumably, it was something of that spirit which engineered the first volume, of which this will be the first genuinely college successor. It was a bright September afternoon in the fall of 1902,—only seven years ago, and yet long enough for times and thoughts to have changed with an ever-changing personnel in the student body,—that the class of 1904, known as the D. K. Pearsons' class, from the Chicago philanthropist who gave \$25,000 for the Seminary's endowment, met for the first time in the old and loved Chrestomathean Hall, merely to form an organization temporarily. Just what had been talked about besides class politics few knew. Few, if any of us, had heard rumors of an "Annual."

But Joe V. Gibson had "heard rumors" and had "dreamed dreams." The previous Commencement the class of 1902 had published a special issue of "The Seminary Collegiate," the predecessor of "The Pharos." It had had some extra pages and a smattering of color work—just enough to arouse the ire of the juniors who had circulated a bogus edition, adorned with a photo of Buckhannon's quaint street cleaner as a frontispiece, the ire of President Wier "to the contrary notwithstanding." Somehow, the seniors of the following year, our junior year, had thought to increase the idea just a little, and make the next Commencement number a "book," reflective of the Senior class.

It, therefore, happened, that at this opening meeting, Gibson dropped the suggestion that we juniors, and not the seniors, should publish the first annual. He said nothing of the senior plan,—that came out later. To most of those assembled that afternoon, "an annual" was about the same as Halley's comet. We had seen such things, but they came from the big colleges. Most of our members never gave the idea even a passing thought.

But the constitutional committee appointed that day, something most classes do not have, and something ours never deemed save for this one idea, met and amid the "if it be deemed wise" paragraphs regulative of conduct, in-

serted a paragraph that we should publish an annual. That constitution was adopted, and President Jesse Williams appointed a committee to do the work. He had three editors-in-chief and six assistants. Afterwards when we learned better, the writer became editor-in-chief. Miss Anna May Hardman became the assistant editor-in-chief, and A. F. McCue, the business manager. The associate staff was composed of Joe V. Gibson, Daisy Smith, Madge Chidister, Herbert Blair, R. Harold Sigler and L. S. Britton.

The seniors had scarcely gained an inkling of the move, but we were perhaps unduly apprehensive, and securing a supply of blanks from the printers, in which the prospectus set forth in glowing terms what we meant to tell about the school and the college, we flooded the students and alumni with these at the earliest possible moment. We sold 200 copies on our first attack, and felt quite encouraged. But the attitude of the students was that of a "semi-curious" body. Some of the seniors felt we had taken their rights, and some of the students held on the last to the idea that the book would not amount to anything. The most strenuous opponent, who held off to the last, we remembered with a full page cartoon.

We had all kinds of ideas and no ideas at all. There was no pattern we knew of. No school was just like the Seminary, and the field, to us, was one absolutely uncovered. It was ours to set the pace. We met in groups and committees and discussed and knew little more than we did before. We had a strenuous time of it in some respects. Looking back now, with more knowledge of the

fact that seldom in most colleges do such books pay out, it is rather amusing to think that when we asked the Senior class to take pages and pay for them, we promised if there was anything cleared on the books, we would turn it over into some general fund for the student body. There was nothing to turn over, some of us paid expenses "on our own hook," but we had graft charges to fight nevertheless.

It was Xmas time before we had drafted the initial plans, later still before we signed a contract, and then we had until March 15th, when our Buffalo publishers demanded the copy, one of the most strenuous periods in a career. I have no doubt now that our endeavors and interest, for some of us felt the movement was a large one, was at times amusing to our fellow students. This found vent in the fact that a movement to have a permanent office for the annual committees and buy an office desk all our own, brought a mass meeting one night after societies and the gift of an office desk made of two saw horses and three rough boards to the editor, and to bogus chapel announcements that appeared from time to time. However, we could take a joke, and the work went steadily, if not altogether silently, on.

The naming of the annual was to us a momentous matter. We knew that the Seminary was soon to be only an honored name and we wanted a permanent name for the book. The committee which chose it represented all factors of the college life, it was not a junior meeting. Names were suggested by all who wished, and they were quite numerous. Professor Frank B. Trotter, then vice

president and our Latin preceptor, suggested the name that was adopted. "The Murmur of a Mountain" is what the name of "Murmurmontis" means, and it is surely suggestive of West Virginia. I have never heard but one objection to the name, and it came from a man who thought the word was too long. Its chief opponent for favor was "Seminarian", applicable then, but never after, for next year the name of "Seminary" passed out in a big bonfire.

We had to hustle for material. The literature submitted was not extensive, and we had to pick here and there to get what we wanted. Even the literary society special orators hesitated to let us have their orations previous to their delivery, and had four meetings before they finally granted our request. President Wier was pleased with the dedication of the book to him, and we sold the school ten copies—not a hundred—for advertising purposes. The senior class learned that the juniors were to publish the picture of Dr. Pearsons, for whom the class was named, as a little recognition of our work in getting out the book. Not to be outdone, they took down the picture of Mr. Martin, for whom their class was named, which hung in the chapel and had it photographed for insertion. We found encouragement in the advertisers, we were confident all the way along, but we had to be "pathfinders" everywhere.

Finally there came the first days of March. Scarcely for a month had a day passed without almost as many hours of yearbook work as of lessons. But now the copy had to be in on the fifteenth. Copy did not seem half as

important to others as to us, and it came late. The fifteenth fell on Sunday. We cut school Thursday afternoon, Friday and Saturday. Professor Trotter consented grudgingly that we might if we must, but he was interested in our success. For sixteen hours out of twenty-four, we pounded copy in the old room at Brake's. Saturday night came, and with it the dumbfounding news that Prof. Trotter was to visit us to see the copy. The jokes probably would not make us afraid now, but it did then, and some sixty-six pages of manuscript hastily went to the attic, while the sound of footsteps took us to the barn. But it was a false alarm. Professor Trotter did not come. One of the boys went down town and procured a feast, and after much hammering of the typewriter, arranging of dummies, and sawing wood, we finished at three o'clock Sunday morning, three hours before the only train that day, and sent it on its way to Buffalo. "Sunday" says the end of the joke column, and that was what it meant to us. Seated just before the close in a silent moment, I looked over that 180 pages of typewritten copy and said to myself, "If this makes an annual, I shall be as much surprised as anyone."

Saturday, May 30th, five days before Commencement brought the first box of precious books from the express office. Our publishers had been burned out, and were behind time. The box reached the Seminary just before the time for the final quiz in Geometry, and was rolled into the president's office. There it stayed while math ruled for the last time, and then alone I entered and opened the box. There is little else to tell. The first

“Murmurmontis” stands as its own record, and the record of its staff.

That afternoon Miss Hardman and the editor presented President Wier with the first copy, and he laughed most heartily at his own roast. Only in the history of the Haught courtship case, the event of the year, in joke and cartoon, was there a “sigh and a tear,” but even they laugh now.

Reposing in a valued nook in my library is a row of books comprising every “Murmurmontis” that has ap-

peared, and a copy of this edition shall join it. I shall hope that it may excel the previous five volumes, but I am excited enough to believe that the other four have not excelled the first. As memory treasuries for the periods which they cover, I am glad to have been associated with the movement which brought them about, for in their pictures, their memories, are recollections which grow dimmer as the years go by, and yet which we cannot well afford to lose, for youth and college days do not come again. The “Murmurmontis” brings them back to us.





Photos by Mac Avoy

The Fortunes and Misfortunes of Peggy

"I guess most of you fellows have heard of the spectacular events leading up to, and culminating in the dramatic death of Prexy's highly distinguished and justly celebrated watch-dog Peggy, haven't you?" asked the philosophical Junior as he tenderly placed Rogers latest edition in the far corner of his room and reached for his French Briar. All books followed in frantic haste the afore-mentioned latest edition and the matches were passed. After making sure his pipe was well lighted, the talkative Junior placed his feet upon the table and continued: "Soon after transferring his worldly possessions to our beloved city and establishing himself as the official dispenser of bright ideas to the student body, Doe conceived the laudable inspiration of entertaining the Faculty at a card party.

"At the appointed hour the guests arrived and lost no time in shuffling the numerous decks which had been borrowed for the occasion. The real sensation of the

evening, however, came when the startling discovery was made that some nefarious miscreants had filched the refreshments and lugged them out through the kitchen window. Suspicion naturally pointed to certain students but Doe, to all outward appearances conducted himself as a real sport, for nary a howl did he make. However, a few mornings later the Prexy was seen to wear a gleesome smile, and that night he gum-shoed out of town and hopped cross-ties to Tygarts Junction. Foot-sore and weary he boarded the limited for Washington; arriving there his actions on Pennsylvania Avenue were such as to arouse the suspicions of a loitering Pinkerton who shadowed him, and soon discovered the end of a dog chain protruding from his pocket. Mistaking our esteemed Prexy for a fox-hunter the modern Sherlock Holmes gave up the chase, only to learn later to his great chagrin and utter disgust that some time between sun down and sun up Speaker Cannon's prize dog had disappeared. You fellows no doubt remember reading of the sensational abduction, for at the time all the society papers gave long and graphic descriptions of this famous canine.

“It seems that the four-footed aristocrat had been born and reared in the city of Washington, where she became highly cultured partly on account of her distinguished associates, among whom was T. R.’s favorite collie. Indeed it is rumored that she had attended house parties, chewing dog biscuits, and enjoyed other luxuries in the kennels of the Four Hundred. It is further said that she once ate meat from the hand of the Duke De Abruzzi. From her infancy up she had such magnificent educational advantages, and her associations in general being of such high class, she was often pointed out to distinguished visitors as one dog through whose veins only the most royal blood flowed. History tells us she was originally presented to Uncle Joe for the purpose of guarding the Committee on Rules while in executive session. By whom, we are not told. There is a tradition, however, among the members of the Lower House that she once completely chewed up an insurgent and hurled his mangled carcass to the pavement below while she stood by with a fiendish grin as the ambulance carried his remains to the morgue. You can imagine the consternation in official circles when the fact of her abduction became known; and for weeks after letters of condolence and sympathy poured in on the distinguished citizen of Danville, Ill.: from all the crowned heads and potentates of Europe and the Orient. The most efficient and astute members of the secret service were placed on the case but there was absolutely nothing doing. She had disappeared as completely as though the earth had opened up and swallowed her. But whatever might have become of

Uncle Joe’s pup it is a well known fact that a dog very much like her bayed at the moon as she wandered among the flower beds and pine trees which adorn the campus of Wesleyan College shortly after the disappearance of the Washington beauty. The new acquisition to the personnel of the college took an exceedingly prominent part in protecting the Executive Mansion against the iconoclastic marauders who in times past, were wont to pilfer the grub. Meanwhile Doc’s smile grew broader.

“For some time things moved along nicely and Peggy, as the guardian of the rear veranda was christened, caused quite a decrease in the bills for Doc’s culinary department. Finally one deep, dark night our popular ex-Professor Mark, his pockets filled with common mixed candy, while going to consult with Prexy regarding some recent depredations, encountered the ferocious canine, who mistaking him for some mischievous student proceeded to lay violent hold on the calf of Prof’s left leg. Long and loud did the Department of Mathematics howl as he struggled with the vicious brute who seemed determined to annihilate him on the spot. Fortunately Doc heard the commotion and hastened to the rescue. After a short, but decisive struggle, he succeeded in carrying the unfortunate Mark to a place of safety, whereupon the victim went into a trance from which he has never completely recovered. On the following day when the news of the awful catastrophe spread throughout the school, the indignation of the sympathetic students reached such a point that the ultimate fate of the erratic Peggy seemed only a matter of selecting the most diabolical of the many

tortures that had been suggested by a score of prolific minds. Later in the day, however, some of the cooler and more calculating heads decided on a vitriolic procedure the fiendishness of which has never before or since been recorded on the pages of history or fiction.

"That night the notorious Peggy was spirited away from her accustomed haunts by a trio of silent but determined youths. When the students filed out of chapel the next morning they met in the long gloomy corridors a sight which chilled the blood in their veins, and caused each separate and distinct hair of their various heads to stand on end like the quills of a fretful porcupine. For there lay the once beautiful Peggy, shorn of the long silken hair which had formerly been her pride and her glory. Great grewsome streaks of orange and black surrounded her eyes and formed a ghastly, grizzly emaciated body. Haggard and worn she lay there a veritable picture of dejection and misery, such as comes in the early morning to disturb the fevered brain of some prodigal who has soaked himself in wine until his vision beholds nothing but snakes and demons. Dazed by the frightful spectacle the students wandered aimlessly away speaking to each other in hushed tones and whispers.

"The remainder of the story is short as it is sorrowful. When Peggy once more walked out into the sunshine she found herself ignored by her former associates, and unable to endure the ostracism she wandered around for several days growing more melancholy and sad, until

at the close of one balmy spring day, just as the evening sun was dropping below the horizon, she crept away by herself, and alone and deserted, died of a broken heart.

"That night several of her former friends followed with solemn tread and slow, her desecrated body to a grave in front of College Hall, in which they laid her away for that final sleep where dreams are only dreams of happiness."

When the story was finished, the listeners arose and silently stole away to their respective rooms leaving the Junior alone with his pipe and his philosophy.





Photos by Mac Avoy

My West Virginia Home

Among the hills of West Virginia,
By the large oaks and the pine,
Where you get the scent of clover
And life seems so sublime,
There my heart is wandering ever
And the bonds that naught can sever,
Take me back to that sweet river,
By my West Virginia home.

In the gas lights of the village,
Where I used to sit for hours,
Where I listened to the music,
Where I scented fragrant flowers,
When the whippoorwill was calling
And the evening dews were falling,
Memories seem to be enthralling
For my West Virginia home.

At the peep of daylight dawning,
With the dew upon the clover
Waving slowly to the breezes
Of a silvery July morn,
With the river slowly flowing
In the summer sunlights glowing,
My heart seems always going
To my West Virginia home.

In the sullen heat of midday,
When the land is parched and dry,
And the plow boy treads his furrow
'Neath the ardent summer sky;
Even then my thoughts are turning
With a never ceasing yearning
To the silvery sky that's burning
By my West Virginia home.

—Roy S. Stalnaker.

A PIPE ORGAN



West Virginia Wesleyan College,
Buckhannon, W. Va.,

Gentlemen: We are advised that
Dr. Doney is investigating the
matter of a pipe organ for
your institution. It is with
great pleasure that we submit
an illustration of "Our Special."

Sincerely,
The Cecil Youghffpte Co

A Story That Were Best Untold

If these events that are here for the first time set forth in print were a fairy tale, I would fix the date of my story as "once upon a time"; if fiction, I would name the exact date; but as this is only a plain, unvarnished narrative, from a most veracious pen, of what perchance still lingers in memory of living men, I will say that if you had been in a small town about three miles from Sand Run, W. Va., at about five o'clock on a windy morning during the first year of the exile of Theodore the Beloved, you, oh reader, would have beheld strange sights.

For in the city that fringes the banks of the Muddy Jaw-Bone there was an unwonted stir; lights shone dimly through the foggy air, and the sound of flapjacks being turned on recently heated griddles saluted the ear; a little later, the streets were filled with a hurrying throng that wended its way toward the alleged depot that serves as an excuse for trains whistling when they approach our fair city. And as the identity of some of the dim shapes that flitted silently along the misty streets on that memorable morning has since been revealed, I, to whom these strange things are known, do hereby lift the veil that has so long hidden them from human knowledge.

First, a tall, ungainly form appears that pursues the even tenor of its way down the street with a dignity that Tarquin the Proud himself would have envied. This, kind reader, was not our stately Prexy, nor one of the

town's policemen, but Roscoe the Punctual, who goes thus early lest he miss the train, which is due to leave in two hours. Then, venturing timidly forth from the edifice locally known as the "Haven of Rest", and marching sedately, two by two, a band of maidens led by some of the most trusty lady members of the Faculty, and with the vigilant Prof. Stauffer bringing up the rear. Next a band of stalwart youths that marched by with the classical "with my shield or upon it" look on their manly countenances. These are the Football Team. Then a vast, disorganized, unclassified horde, a rabble that pours along the narrow street with most unseemly clamor. These are the Preps and College Students. Last, but far, far from least, a belated, lonely figure that arrives at the station breathless with the attempt to keep up with his fellows. This is not some infant escaped from its mother's loving care, as you may well suppose, but the youth whose "thunks" in class are credited to "Little Goose". Thus the procession ends.

When all are at the station, each one is shown his proper place on the train that is awaiting; most of the Preps are stowed in the Baggage Car, the contingent from the Ladies Hall and the Faculty in the Smoker, and the Football Team in the Dining Car.

Ere this, oh reader, you have doubtless arrived at the conclusion that there must have been some unusual oc-

casian for this gathering, and it shall be explained to you. The Football Team that represents the institution, located in our town, whose avowed purpose is that of transforming callow youth into Bishops, Statesmen and Captains of Industry, goes forth this day to battle for the State Championship with the gridiron warriors that wear the "Old Gold and Blue!"

The train left the station only one hour behind the scheduled time, much to everyone's surprise, making its first stop at Weston, a small town that is noted for the chicken dinners served at one of its hotels. We backed slowly into the station, for fear of alarming the natives, and after a short stop to allow some of the College men, who had never been so far away from home before to see the sights, we made as dignified an exit as was possible, under the circumstances, from the Bug-House city, and proceeded on our way.

Only one event worthy of note occurred before our next stop and this happened while we were passing the well-known village of Jane Lew. Rev. Lovett, in his despair over the refusal of the conductor to stop the train at this station, attempted to hurl himself to certain death, and was only restrained by the utmost vigilance on the part of his friends. At Clarksburg a halt was made to allow Profs. Haught, Stauffer and Ryland to procure some liquid refreshments at the Glen Elk saloon and to purchase some Turkish Trophies, then we resumed our journey.

Upon arriving in Fairmont, we made a short stop of two hours, and set out on the last stage of our journey, arriving in Morgantown in time for a late dinner. Each

one dined wherever fancy or necessity dictated; some at the home of friends, some at a convenient hotel or restaurant; some purchased sardines and cheese at the corner grocery; a large number of the college students, especially, who had been warned to be very careful of their diet when traveling, on the lunch which they had thriftily packed in handkerchief or shoe box, and that is all, with the exception of the Football Team, who fares sumptuously on water and toothpicks.

Shortly before three o'clock, the entire "Orange and Black" delegation took their way to the football field, located on the University grounds, and a few minutes later the Wesleyan pigskin kickers appeared on the field, followed shortly after by the W. V. U. team, who kicked to the visitors and the game was on. From the start it was apparent that the lighter Wesleyan Team was outclassed by the "Old Gold and Blue", but notwithstanding this fact the Methodists fought desperately every second of the sixty-five minute game, and did not quit until time was called at the end of the second half. Too much credit cannot be given to the rooters who, with an ardor unchilled by the cold November winds that swept o'er the énsanguined field, cheered their defeated team to the echo, even drowning the rooting of the much larger crowd of supporters of the home team. As the final score is a matter of minor importance, and the space given me is scant, I will refrain from mentioning it, but I will say that ere the game ended darkness was fast settling on the dismal scene.

In much the same manner as Napoleon might have left the dark field of Waterloo, we withdrew from the scene, and, after solacing ourselves with supper, sought the railway station to embark on our return journey. Here it was found that the locomotive of our train had broken down under the strain of the long wait, and anxiety over the outcome of the game, and a wait of some time ensued until another could be procured. This was fortunate, in a way, as many of the students, being unused to cities, had wandered away from their leaders and had lost themselves among the side hills and ravines of Morgantown. By the united efforts of the Police Force and Fire Department they were found and restored to their sorrowing companions.

Owing to the darkness and confusion attending the embarking for the return trip, it was impossible to keep the different parties separated as they had been in the morning, the only party that was still intact being that from the Ladies Hall. In fact, the number in this party had not only diminished, but was actually double its former amount. The train made a few stops on its return trip, one of these to allow Williamson to recover his hat, which had fallen out of the window while its owner was leaning out to count the passing telegraph poles, in order

to ascertain the speed at which we were running. On the whole, quiet reigned, as the pleasant notes of a tin horn exercised a soothing influence on the weary crowd. As the train entered the great Fairmont coal region, the light from the blazing coke ovens that lined the track showed many of the weary ones reposing peacefully in the arms of Morpheus, or some other Wesleyan student, in sweet forgetfulness of the trials and tribulations of the day. Most of the Faculty snored loudly in the rear coach, aroused from time to time by the libations of ice water that were respectfully poured down the backs of the necks by certain Preps. The last part of the return trip seems doomed to be shrouded in eternal mystery, as up to this time no one has been found who was not asleep during this portion of our journey, but suffice it to say that in the cold gray dawn of the morning after, we arrived safe, and not unhappy, in our home town. And that my story may not close without some fitting quotation to mark its end, I will say in the words of a poet who sang of the wanderings of another band of Heroes, "Stant litore puppes".

(With apologies to Bill Nye, Thomas Carlyle, and all other authors, living and dead, for fear some of 'em will be offended.)

A Guide for New Students

You say you are a new student and you have just finished enrolling or "rolling in" as we call it. Ha! Ha! That is a joke but you will see worse ones than that if you will look at that bunch of guys out there on the campus with those little five-cent red head-lights. They are the Prep Juniors. No, indeed, we don't hire anyone to look after them but just let them run around that way. Oh, they do get lost sometimes in the maze of streets in our city but their youth and headgear are sufficient trademarks and everybody just says to them "go to your left to reach college."

Get your eye on that girl there trying to flirt with me. They say she's from Morgantown but I stung her dead!

See that building over there? Well, now, that's the "Home of the Reckless," otherwise "Ladies Hall." Yes, that's where we keep the girls and if you want one all you have to do is to tell Miss Wyman and she'll let you take your pick. Sure, they all have to mind her, can't even go scheming unless she says so. There's only one man stays over at the Hall but you don't want to go fooling around him, trying to steal cake or anything else. Why, he will get out his toy pistol and pop away and you won't stop running till you are safe under the bed in your room.

Now if you look real close maybe you can see the hedge without a microscope. You say you can't see it. Oh, well, you have to get used to it before you know when to look. Come on, let's go back the other way. Don't be scared! No one is dying or being tortured. That is only Prof. Trimmer giving a music lesson. Oh, he's a holy terror. When he gives a lesson he stands up and waves his arms for all the world like a windmill and yells at the top of his voice. He marks time on the girls' shoulders, kind of soft at first, then all of a sudden he comes down on them, whack! Why, we had one girl laid up for a week after a lesson. Yes the building does look kind of funny and I reckon that's why we call it the "Music Box."

There's the bell for chapel and as everybody has to go to chapel here you had better get broken in. The boys go in on this side and the girls on the other. Sure, the faculty sits on the platform, "The Seats of the Mighty" you know. That's the President that is going to lead. You say you saw him in the hall and thought he was a new student. That is a good one alright! One time there was an athletic meeting in chapel and we were getting into a terrible mix-up. Dr. Doney thought he would play the Good Samaritan, so he stepped forward kind of easy like

and asked "Mr. Chairman, do I belong to the Athletic Association?" Bob turned around, so calm and smiling, and said, "Why you do if you have paid your dues." Then Doe had to retire!

Sure Prof. Trimmer plays the piano. Did you get on to that high note? No it is not in the piece, crazy, he just puts it in for the effect. Now that lady he is smiling and arching his eyebrows at is the vocal teacher. Yes, they have an awful ease and do most of their flirting during the prayer. You ought to watch them. It's as good as the Nickelodeon.

Yes, we always have prayer before reading the Bible. Well, one morning Ryland, that little guy there pulling his ear, lead. He omitted prayer and started to read the Bible. But the college boys weren't to be cheated and they meekly bowed their heads and prayed all the time he was reading. You ought to see him walk, oh, I can't begin to describe it. That is one place where seeing is believing. He never wears but one glove and carries the other, hitting his knee with it, killing flies, I suppose.

No, that next man is not a mummy—it is Prof. Helwig. He was never seen to laugh but once and that was when Dr. Jenness made a chapel speech. It so astonished everybody that the faculty met in solemn conclave and

set that day apart as a holiday to be observed as long as time shall last.

The one with the blue Winsor tie is Prof. Milburn. He can tell more tales than any other member of the faculty. Get him started and there is positively no stopping him. They say that one night he began talking in Student's Meeting and little by little the students vanished, Rowlands was the last one out and it was then eleven o'clock and Prof. Milburn showed no signs of running down. Early the next morning Roseoe went up to the association room and listened at the door. He heard a voice saying, "And that reminds me——," then he fled down the steps six at a time.

That's the Dean sitting next there. He does look kind o' sour but is perfectly harmless, warranted not to kill.

The man with the little gray mustache and the slightly bald spot is the German, French,—oh yes, and the Hebrew teacher. One day Mr. Chenoweth was making a chapel speech, praising our faculty clear up to the skies. "We have," said he, "the best faculty in the United States, or in the world." But Professor Deck was the only one who clapped.

That man who looks as though he needed to get his suit pressed is Prof. White, the mathematics teacher. One morning he was leading chapel and in the middle of his prayer he forgot what was to come next. You see he had

written it out and committed it. Well, he started at the beginning and went all over it but he couldn't recollect the rest so he had to say 'Amen' and fade away.

Who is the one that is blushing so and has so many dimples? Why that is Prof. Stauffer, the teacher I was telling you about, who stays over at the "Ladies Hall." The girls just raved over him the first week or so of school but they quit before long. Don't know what was the matter.

The little lady there is Miss Wolfe. She and Prof. Ryland used to be kind of friendly and one night he went to see her at the Hall and stayed till the "wee sma' hours." The next morning they were both late to their seven-forty-five classes! Over slept, don't you see?

The lady with the bangs is Miss Wyman, the pre-

ceptress at the "Ladies Hall." Yes, her bangs are right in style and all she lacks is one of those turban effects.

Did you say who is that teacher in the black dress trimmed in green? Well, I should hope you don't call that green; why, it makes the grass and the freshies look pale. Who is she? Oh, Miss Tarbell-er, Miss Tarbuket-er-ah—, well just make a noise like it and everyone will know whom you mean.

Holy smoke! They have kept us at chapel so long that the closing hymn is "Day is dying in the West." Say, did you ever go snipe-hunting? No? Well, it's jolly fine sport. A crowd of us fellows are going tonight and you can come along. May be we will let you hold the bag.



Guess Who!

There's a youngster, of self-conceit chronic,
Speech polysyllabic, euphonic,

You'll know him, I ween,
For his nickname is "Dean,"
And his favorite word is "sardonic."

For the ladies he cares not—well, a fig,
No need to tell you that is ———

Though the girls lisp and smile,
It is not worth their while;
For he still prefers boys who like *izzidig*.

Attentions promiscuous he'd proffer,
If girls would accept them. That's ———
At first they'd all smile,
But after a while,
Each girl was transformed to a scoffer.

In appearance, we'll all have to own, he
Is less like a war-horse than pony;

Yet he wins every fight
For his methods are right
And the students all swear by Doe———.

The bugaboo of all the shy men,
Can surely be labeled "Miss ———,"

Though the Hall girls are dreams,
She is thwarting their schemes,
Keeping them from the altar of Hymen.

Of modest and courteous men,
Thoughts, habits, and character clean;
With abundance of tact,
(Which some others have lacked)
Why, of course, that's our new "Acting ———."

The subject can scarcely be found
On which he can't **pound** and **expound**,
He's taught Science and Greek,
Modern tongues he can speak
And, on field day, he runs like a hound.

The midnight oil burns, yes, and will burn,
For those who have classes to ———
If they could use the gas
That is flowing in class
It would last them all night, and then still burn.

Some Experiences In China

During my short stay in China I have learned that if you want to be truthful you must form and express opinions very, very slowly, else you go astray. Since we are in the land of opposites from the western kingdom, I have concluded that we cannot even say, "What we see we know," for in a few days we see something else which proves to us we did not know.

We come here and see so many new sights, strange people, and peculiar customs that the temptation is to write of those only and forget wherein they are like the rest of the human family and even the civilized part of the family. The delegate to the Rochester convention got the idea exactly when he said he now thought of China as being "just over the mountains." When we once arrive here China and the missionaries are no longer vague and far away, but we live here very much as we do at home. Our houses are like those at home. It is not necessary to wear Chinese clothes, though some do; here in the ports we can even buy imported food to set an exclusively foreign table if we choose to do so, though to those of us who learn to like it, some Chinese food is delicious far beyond our own.

Think of such delicacies as lotus bulb pudding, stomach of fish, sea slug, pea sprout greens, bamboo sprouts and lichen all fixed and flavored and stewed and eaten with a bowl of rice and chopsticks. It's fine but too rich for us to eat often.

Something that we have seen this winter will probably be of interest to you as it was to us newcomers. The millions of China, the awfully dense population is already well known to you but another phase of it is not so familiar. North of us there is a district, where, on account of floods or drouth, nearly every year they have—more or less famine. When winter comes they leave there by the thousands and come to the cities of this part where the government gives them free rice. Most of them come with their wadded garments tattered and torn, some have a comfort for each family but mostly none. On arriving here they buy, for a few pennies, an almost waterproof straw mat measuring from 8x10 feet to 10x14 feet, which they bend to touch the ground on two sides. One end forms the door, the other is filled in with straw or clots of dirt. This is the "home, sweet home" of anywhere from two to ten people. How do they all live and eat and sleep in there? I do not know, but they do. Only the children can stand up; while at home. The grown people can only sit. And the point of supreme interest is this. We sometimes

think of our Wesleyan College town with its population of four thousand, as very nearly a city, but a population of ten thousand people came here and lived during the winter months, on the outside of this city, just as I have described.

But this is not the Chinese people, only the poor, poverty and famine stricken part, some are well to do and still others are wealthy, as you would decide if you could walk down their little narrow streets and see the men with their beautiful silk and fur garments, for the Chinese like good and costly clothes. How very human!

Another thing impressed us very much when we arrived. We live in a grave yard. Under our nice green lawn and rose bushes, and lettuce beds there may be a hundred or two "ancestors," some are there for we have seen. Outside of our wall on all sides are mounds of graves, graves, and nothing but graves, and the road which leads from the city to our home has cut through graves. But few are the places in China that are not more or less a graveyard, especially the hills which are not cultivated. So we really learn that ghosts are not, though the Chinese firmly believe in them.

Not two weeks ago a woman in our congregation, though not a Christian, whose husband had deserted her and married another woman, was advised, by her mother, to kill herself so that, as a ghost, she could follow and haunt him. This she proceeded to do by strangling herself but she was found and saved by a Christian.

In conclusion, just a word as to why we are here, why come here, among these people with a civilization strangely old and stale and marvelous? We would say, let them retain their peculiar customs, let them eat their bowl of rice with chopsticks, let them continue to use their difficult language, let them wear the peculiar dress and even their long hair; but let them learn the gospel of our Savior Jesus Christ and save their souls, not to wander about this world and haunt the enemies of this life but to dwell in mansions prepared for them before the foundation of the world.

With greetings to dear old Wesleyan friends,

Most sincerely,

Lena Stutzman Armstrong, Sem. '03.

Chinkiang, China.



Spring Song

Spring am aecomin',
Feel it in de air
Bees am alummmin',
Dartin here and dere.

Cows am alowin',
At de pasture bars
South win' am ablownin',
Waking up de flowers.

Every bud abustin'
A blue sky o'er head
All things athirstin'
Nothin' cold an' dead.

Earth am awakin'
From her long winter rest
Ev'ry bird am amakin'
Its own tiny nest.

Time come for plowin'
Breakin' up de sod
Den I'm allowin'
Dar's Heben an' a God.

(Editors Note.—This poem was handed in for publication, and we were unable to ascertain the author.)

Legion D'Honneur

Handsomest Man—Warner.

Honorable Mention—Groves.

Laziest Man—Cheroweth.

Biggest Bluffer—Bob Roberts.

Worth Mentioning—Brooks.

Greatest Sport—Tim Moon.

Most Likely Bachelor—Harry Stansbury.

Second Choice—Sidwell.

Most Useless Man—Prof. Stauffer.

Magna cum Laude—Peanut Hill.

Most Spirituelle—Fred Stansbury.

Next Best—Kellison.

Most Sentimental—Reed.

Admirer of Tall Women—Aspinall.

A Little Shorter—Casto.

Biggest Liar—Pierce.

Most Graceful—Goose Ward.

Most Persistent Schemers—Fahrion and Goodwin.

Most Persistent Flirts—Harvey and Judy.

Greenest Country Lad—Compton.

Just a Little Paler—Paul Smith.

Thinks most of Himself—Superlative, Hanifan,

Comparative, Rowland.

Positive, Pickens.

Where the Thanksgiving Turkey Went

When it had been noised abroad that one of the Thanksgiving turkeys already dressed and having passed the first degree of culinary preparation, had mysteriously gone hence from the cellar of the Ladies Hall, there was no little concern and agitation among the Hall girls. The departed fowl represented one-seventh of the Thanksgiving dinner and the inevitable result would be "a short on the turk." Besides Miss Wyman declared all dates invalid and refused to receive further applications till the bird was returned, dead or alive, without any deficiency in its physical organism. The question was "who took the turkey?" The girls were accused of putting it out of the window to the boys. Some said that it had been cooked over a gas light and eaten on the fourth floor. All agreed that it was a "stunt" and nobody seemed to arrive at a probable conclusion.

The actual participants in this nefarious crime were convinced that the secret of this affair was yet in their possession. They did not realize as they winked at each other when the subject was approached in chapel and faculty meetings that they had been caught in the very act and watched eagerly during its execution.

In respect to the official position of those complicated in the deed and trusting an early repentance and confession we resolved to keep the story under cover. But as the year has gone by our last hopes have vanished. Instead of reform and conciliation we have witnessed only vandalism and tyranny. In the hope of a speedy humiliation and elimination of this oligarchy we propose to disclose the whole "stunt" as it was then doubtless recorded by St. Peter.

On the day preceding the event we are about to narrate, Professor Haught had replaced the stained glass of the office door by a transparent one in order to banish the schemers from the hall. This action naturally suggested a "stunt." After a brief counsel another student and myself set out at a late hour prepared to decorate the new window in the various colors provided in our equipment. Entering at a side door we began at once to carry out our resolution. Suddenly we were frightened by the stealthy approach of footsteps and peering through the dimly lighted hall we recognized another group of fellows armed with paint and brush. There was no need of explanation. It was evident that our mission was one and the same.

When the glass had received the artist's finish, designed with skull and bones, we proceeded out on the campus. Tarrying in the deeper shadow of a tree to exchange a few remarks before we should "turn in" we were attracted by a noise at the Ladies Hall. It was the raising of the dining room window. We crept cautiously around the corner till we could command a better view and by the rays of a light within we saw the resident professor slip a large fat, dressed turkey down the brick wall. We could see Doc, ("Prexy") jumping up for the prize like a banty rooster, but Milburn got it first. The English teacher descended and the procession started for the river. Broyles carried the gobbler and White some cooking utensils, Ryland in front striding long and sticking his heels in the ground; Stauffer behind walking like a bow-legged chicken and Helwig frowning like a balking don-

key. It became a hilarious group as they continued their journey towards the old brick plant. Milburn told a new joke, and Post sang "Mary Had a Little Lamb", till Helwig smiled and Haught laughed aloud.

On reaching a favorable spot a fire was soon kindled, the turkey strung on a pole and put to roast. The cooking apparently was a success and the gobbler was soon being rudely dismembered on a nearby log. When each one of the party had gathered about for his portion of the feast Milburn proposed a thank-offering and Doc said grace in a loud and solemn tone. The feast ended with a toast to the ladies by Helwig. The bones were tied up in a handkerchief, labeled to Miss Wyman and returned to the front door of the Ladies Hall.

So ends the story of the gobbled gob'ler gobbled by a gobbling faculty.





Catechism for Students

Question 1.—What is the chief end of the Student?

Answer.—The student's chief end is to glorify the faculty and thus enjoy their favor and protecting power.

Q. 2.—What rule hath the faculty given to direct us how we may glorify and enjoy them?

A.—The rule, printed in the catalog may be had by calling at the office. It is contained in the catalogs and fragments of it have been detected in the Dean's chapel speeches.

Q. 3.—How many persons are there in the faculty head?

A.—There are three persons: Dr. Doney, Professor Haught and Dean Rowlands; of these in some people's estimation, the first should be last and the last should be first.

Q. 4.—What is sin?

A.—Sin is any deviation from the rule of the faculty as set forth above, such as scheming, snipe hunting, standing in the hall, laughing at chapel jokes, or any disrespect to the athletic board.

Q. 5.—What is sanctification?

A.—Sanctification is that glorified state of the Faculty's free grace, whereby we are terrified, in the whole man after the image of fear, experienced only by students called before the faculty.

Q. 6.—What is the duty of all students?

A.—The duty of all students is to sit patiently through the chapel hour, not to be annoyed by Chenoweth's oratory, Dr. Milburn's stories or constitutional collections; and to remain till one-thirty at athletic elections without wrath or dinner.

Q. 7.—What is Justification?

A.—Justification is as follows:

College Seniors C

Juniors C+

Sophomores B

Freshmen B+

Preps A

Sub-preps A+

Q. 8.—What is the sum of the Ten Commandments?

A.—The sum of the Ten Commandments is to love the Ladies Hall, or some individual inmate thereof with all

your heart, with all your soul, with all your strength, with all your mind, and to love your neighbor's wife if you have none.

Q. 9.—What benefits do Seniors receive at Graduation?

A.—Seniors receive at Graduation, if girls, a bunch of violets and congratulations from the faculty and Miss Wyman; if boys, a copy of Franklin's Autobiography, and an invitation to the Alumni Banquet; and all receive a degree engraved by the College Press and signed by G. W. Broyles.



Beauty Talks for Boys

Tan is Not Disfiguring.

Kellison.—Consider a little before trying to bleach your skin. A dead-white bleached skin cannot compare in beauty with a healthy tanned skin and besides tan is looked upon with great favor by girls.

How to Reduce Weight.

Reed.—Abstain from all sweets and make your diet solely upon pickles. Exercise for two hours every day and take long walks into the country. To make the cure still more effective it would be best to refrain from drinking.

Hair Curling—Its Effects.

Pickens.—Since hair is a living tissue and since no living tissues can bear such harsh treatment with impunity, look to it that your hair does not continue to be so abused.

When the Nose is Red.

Whaley.—Keeping such late hours at night at the Ladies' Hall and worrying over your next "date" and "scheming" period are enough to account for the rosy tint of your nose. Early to bed and early to rise is a good precept for the speedy cure.

How to Correct the Double Chin.

Dean.—Firm massage is nearly always better for this superfluous obesity than stropping.

Swell-Heads.

Warner.—You say you are affected with a peculiar swelling of the head and a general feeling of puffiness and importance. Your trouble may be that terrible disease, diagnosed by Dr. Goglewoosy of Stradigitarianus as Swell-Head. The best remedy is the magic mirror in which you see yourself as others see you. If you cannot obtain the foregoing use "Horstetter's Horse Liniment—good for man or beast."



JOKES

Good Manners and Good Form

Edited by Miss Grace Wyman.

Q. Shall I thank an escort who brings me home from society?—Hazel.

A. You should thank him effusively so he will feel tempted to try it again but still it is not necessary to engage in any osculation.

Q. Should we shake hands with a man when he is introduced at a Y. M. and Y. W. C. A. social?—Edna and Beatrice.

A. Yes—but do not under any circumstances shake longer than five minutes.

Q. What is the proper way to announce an engagement?—In.

A. The number of ways are too multitudinous and

too sacred to be revealed here for every casual eye, so send a stamped and addressed envelope and a list will be mailed you.

Q. Is it good form to have successive radiator periods?—Emma.

A. No. It is not good form. You should remember that variety is the spice of a "case" and arrange for a period on the "top stairs," take a walk out College Avenue, or bring him to the hall during Faculty Meeting.

Q. Is it permissible to ask a boy for a lecture date?—Carrie G.

A. Yes, by all means. To lead up to it, smile at him across the campus or wave from your window, send him fudge, or invite him to play tennis.



YOU CAN ALWAYS TELL A SENIOR, BUT— YOU CANNOT TELL HIM MUCH.

Harvey is exhibiting a snake-skin in the Hall to a group of girls. Mr. Sidwell, (rushing up), "What's that for, Botany?"

Prof. Stauffer—"Longfellow could trace his ancestry back to Priscilla and John Alden."

Mr. Linger—"Well, professor, then it looks to me as though John Alden and Priscilla must have been related."

Miss Boylan, (reading Dutch)—"He is a single man."

Miss M. Hall (continuing fervently)—"Oh, show me that man."

Bob and Mrs. Roberts overtaking a couple leisurely strolling down College Avenue, Bobbie remarks: "We used to go that slow, but we go faster now."

Miss Perrine in Commercial English—"Mr. H—, from what word is the adverb dearly derived?"

Mr. H—"From the noun dear."

Miss P.—"But dear is not a noun."

Mr. H.—"Oh, yes it is, He is a little dear."

Prof. Milburn—"The difference between poetry and prose is the same as between a lady's lovely Parisian bonnet and a man's black derby hat."

Dr. Doney, in chapel—"I used to love my marbles, and oh I thought worlds of my little rag doll—but I have something better now."

Miss Merrells (in spelling)—"Give me a definition for davenport."

Student—"It is a kind of kitchen cabinet, I think."

Miss Fitzgerald (when the half-holiday for Day of Prayer is annonneed)—"That is the kind of a Day of Prayer I like, it gives one time to pray and something to pray for."

Dr. R. to Pierce (who is in the grandstand with his girl)—"Here sonny, sit over a little closer to your girl, so I can sit down by you."

Pierce (blushing manfully)—"All right, Doctor, I'd rather you'd sit by me than by my girl."



Seniors

Of Picken's time and his care,
His girl gets the far larger share;
 Next his eirenit I guess,
 Then his launch: I confess
I can't tell when he studies or where.

Professor Cornwell is a sage,
Of dignity, presence, and age.
 Some thirty-five years,
 His B. P.'s in arrears,
His name would adorn any page.

Ira L. Warner. Who is he?
A man whose perpetually busy.
 All things get a share
 Of his time and his care;
His haste makes the onlookers dizzy.

Miss Merrells is rather pedantic,
And at the same time quite romantic,
 She is English you know
 And sighs for a beau
Who comes from beyond the Atlantic.

To Roberts the chief thing in life
Is surely his pretty young wife.
 All else, to his mind,
 Has a fault of some kind
Or gives some occasion for strife.

Don't misunderstand Moon, I pray,
"Still water runs deep," so they say;
 His words although slow
 Are oft quite apropos
Slow speech can't quick thinking delay.

Juniors

It takes no great store of sagacity,
To notice Miss Barne's loquacity,
 And they say that sometimes
 She perpetrates rhymes;
But who trusts Dame Rumor's veracity?

Miss Heaton puts all of her care,
Not upon her fair face and bright hair,
 At no mirror she looks,
 But cares only for books;
Mere folks can't her fancy ensnare.

Miss Downes takes the opposite plan,
She has a good time, and she can
 Get her lessons with ease,
 Strives always to please,
Has a smile for each maid and each man.

A keen wit, and great depth of thought,
A manner demure; that's Miss Haught.
 She is dainty, petite,
 From her head to feet,
And her friendship is eagerly sought.

Miss Baekus has great versatility,
Teaches, studies, and sews with agility,
 She has now fixed her choice
 On piano and voice
Elocution and arts of utility.

George Washington Hawkins is quiet,
His best friends could never deny it,
 But he's great strength of will,
 For all he's so still,
And study's his regular diet.

Herbert Smith's peaceful, they say,
So long as he has his own way,
 When they think he is boss
 Others sometimes grow cross,
Pack their doll clothes and say they won't play.

Chenoweth's quite dignified,
The class looks at him with great pride,
 He is their only preacher,
 An eloquent creature,
Whose skill in debate has been tried.

It absorbs him completely, not partly,
This "ease" which possesses Bill Hartley,
 No one could take time,
 To tell you in rhyme,
How he'd feel if his love should speak tartly.

Though Casto weighs not many lbs.,
He makes most-melodious sds.,
 When he tries to sing,
 Each song-bird takes wing,
And policemen stop short on their rds.

Let the weather be dusty or wet,
On the diamond at work there's Arnett,
 He's a great baseball "fan,"
 Yet it's never his plan,
To play when he's lessons to get.

Now Hanifan has auburn curls,
Is Irish, and partial to girls,
 He could not, so to speak,
 Be exactly called meek,
When off on a tangent he whirls.

Sophomore Grinds

A-p-n-l.—“I am Sir Oracle, and when I ope my lips
let no dog bark.”

K-n-t-s.—“ ’Tis mighty rude to eat so much, but all’s
so good.”

R-e-d.—“Let the world slide.”

S-i-h.—“Oh, bed; oh, bed, delicious bed, that heaven
upon earth for my weary head.”

M-i-a H-ll.—“Good, now sit down and write me all
you know.”

K-t-r-n B.—“I just wanted to know, you know.”

E-e-yn F.—“Mueh learning hath made her sad.”

P-y-l-s P.—“The world is not for aye and ’tis not
strange, that e’en our loves and cases oftentimes echange.”

Freshman Grinds

C-th-r.—“Mathematics is my pastime.”

Cl-rk.—“His cogitative faculties immersed, in cogibuntity of cogitation.”

A-y H-ll.—“When ye will, ye will not. Will not ye? Then will ye?”

H-sk-us.—“If you have any music that may not be heard, to 't again.”

T-mly-n.—“Nature supplies all her children with something to do.”

Tr-vy.—“He comes—the Parson—Oh illustrious spark!”

Tr-g-ll-s.—“Go to the Klondike and do thy digging.”

W-rd.—“I love its giddy gurgle,
I love its fluent flow;
I love to wind my mouth up,
I love to hear it go.”

W-se.—“I am so fresh that the grass turns pale with envy when I pass.”

160



The
End.



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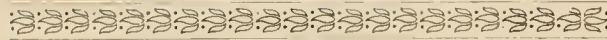
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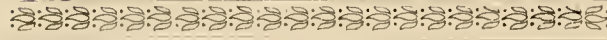
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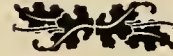
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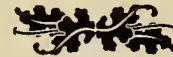
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